THE

Treacherous Brothers,

A

TRAGEDY:

Acted by Their

MAJESTIES SERVANTS,

AT THE

Theatre Royal.

WRITTEN

By *GEORGE POWELL.*

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON,

Printed for *James Blackwell*, at *Bernards-Inn-Gate, Holbourn*; and Sold by *Randal Taylor* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1690.

2343

47
3
396 13.

The Epistle Dedicatory

To the Patentees, and Sharers of their Majesties Theatre.

Gentlemen,

FOR Incouragement of this Addres to you my worthy Friends, I am oblidg'd to acknowledge, that a worthles Fruit, like this, stands no les indebted to the Courteous Gardner, that lent the warm Bed to rear it, then to the indulgent Palates that were so favourably pleased to relish it. Your Favour therefore that admitted it to the Stage, and the kind pardoning Audience that received it there, divide my equal Gratitude. I confes indeed, if I durst, (for there was no good will wanting,) I had the same itch with the greater Brothers of the Quill, of committing this pubish't Bawble into some Noble, protecting Hands; had not a rising check of Grace, call'd a Blush, withheld me. I consider'd, possibly the highest Quality may forgive the los of two short hours at a poor homely Entertainment, much easier then publickly admitting so mean a Trifle, Dedicated and laid at the Feet of Honour. The first of the two Favours is but a generous Condescension e'en passant. But the prefixing a great Name in lasting Print, before so undeserving a piece of scrible, is a Concession on their side too low, and and an Ambition on mine too aspireing. And therefore though I durst be bold with it on a Theatre, and make 'em all my Patrons there, my Confidence, the Talent of the S[illegible]ge, I wear not beyond my Dressing Room, and durst presume upon Quality no farther. To you therefore who were before kind to it, I now send it for Protection; and choose you Gentlemen, my Patrons, and on my word I know not where I cou'd have pick't out better, for to pride my self in the choice of your Protection, and give my Patrons their true Panegyrick. I must avow to the World, that if ever there were a true *Mecænas* of Poetry, (at least in Modern Story,) that name properly and rightly belongs to none, Gentlemen, so much as your Selves; and to prove this just Honour no Complement, but your lawful due, (which indeed is more then the Laws of Dedication oblige me to,) if the Town wou'd allow me able to read, (as that they'll hardly do.) I'de venture to quote one stanza of *Gondibert* for my Justification, giving this Account of Poetry.

Oh! hireles Science, and of all, alone
The Liberal! meanly the rest each State
With Pension treats; but this depends on none;
Whose worth they reverently forbear to rate.

Now if the World has made ſo little Proviſion for the maintenance of the Muſes, (as kind *Davenants* too true Oracle tells us,) I'm afraid upon due Examination, that little Bread they gather will be found almoſt all glean'd from a Theatre; one kind honeſt Actor, that frets and ſtruts his hour upon the Stage (as the Immortal *Shaksphear* has it,) is poſſibly a greater Benefactor to the Muſes, then the greateſt Family of Grandees that run Pedigrees, and track Originals up from the Conqueſt.

The time has been when as old *Ben* ended his Grace with God bleſs me, and God bleſs *Ralph*, *viz.* the honeſt Drawer that drew him good Sack. So ſome Modern Authors with the ſame Equity, might full as Pathetically have furniſh'd out one Article of their Prayers, (not forgetting the preſent Props of the Stage) with God bleſs Mohun, and God bleſs Hart, the good Actors that got 'em their good third Days, and conſequently more ſubſtantial Patrons then the greateſt gay Name, in the Frontiſpiece of the proudeſt Dedication. Poetry thrives ſo little now, that I much fear the famous *Suckling* himſelf was miſtaken in his own Laureat; for there are thoſe wou'd be glad to find that kind rich Alderman, his *Appollo* gave the Bays to, that out of all his heaped Coffers, wou'd either give or lend, to the faireſt of the nine *Mendicant* Siſters.

No Gentlemen, the *Pernaſſus* bears no good Crop, but upon that part of it lying and ſcituate within your own Garden Walls; all the reſt of it produces only that unprofitable growth, that 'tis ſcarce worth cultivating; all other Poetry (Dramatick only excepted,) turns to ſo little Account, that the Toyl's as hopeleſs as labouring for the Philoſopher's Stone; the Undertaker is certain to get nothing by it, and if he's born to an Eſtate to bear his Expences in the Projection, his only comfort is, he ſhall not be undone by it. If therefore a few ſtragling Cions of Poetry now and then ſtart up in the World, the Incouragement is ſo much your own, that they wholly root with you. And if the greateſt Dons of Wit, that carry the higheſt merit with 'em, are in Honour oblig'd to this Confeſſion; how much greater ought my Acknowledgments to be, who owe my Acceſs to the Stage, meerly to your Act of Grace.

In turning this dowdy Brat therefore into the World, a like bound to the Midwife, and the Godfathers: Your generous adminiſtring kindneſs in handing it into light, and the no leſs generous Audience for ſtanding Vouchers for it, I take this Opportunity of publiſhing my ſelf,

Gentlemen,

Your moſt obliged, and moſt obedient
Humble Servant,
George Powell.

THE

Preface to the Reader.

THE time was, upon the uniting of the two Theatres, *that the reviveing of the old ſtock of Plays, ſo ingroſt the ſtudy of the Houſe, that the Poets lay dorment; and a new Play cou'd hardly get admittance, amongſt the more precious pieces of Antiquity, that then waited to walk the Stage: And ſince the World runs all upon Extremes, as you had ſuch a Scarcity of new ones then; 'tis Juſtice you ſhou'd have as great a glut of them now: for this reaſon, this little Prig makes bold to thruſt in with the Crowd.*

'Tis true, ſome of the Poets, the great Dramatick Profeſſors, began to murmur, that ſuch diminutive Interlopers as my ſelf ſhould be ſuffer'd, and cou'd ſcarce forbear railing at the Injuſtice of the Company, in indulging ſuch inconſiderable Invaders of their Province, the Stage.

Now, I think, my Maſters, 'tis a little hard, that thoſe greater firſt-rate Wits, ſhou'd come with top and Top Gallant, and thunder their Broad ſides amongſt you, and a poor little Fan Fan *ſhould be denied giving the Town a ſmall* Pot-Gun.

Beſides, they have more Cauſe to be pleaſed at the expoſing of ſo witleſs a triſle as this, if 'twere no more than for a Foil to their own more exalted Sence; for Faith ſome of 'em need one.

After this Apology for their Favors; I am affraid, kind Reader, *I ſhall find it a harder Task to Court yours; however, to make ſome Eſſay towards it; Firſt I muſt tell you, that it if the* Play *wants Language, or any thing elſe, (or rather all things) to pleaſe you, nevertheleſs to take the modiſh way of Prefacing, and not undervalue my ſelf: I aſſure you, (to the Credit of the Author be it ſpoken,) 'tis the beſt I ever writ; and By Gad, (as my Brother* Bayes *ſays,) I cou'd not have took more Pains about it, had I been to have had* Six-ſcore Pounds *for it at a Venture: Beſides, whatever Confidence I may be taxt with, to ſhew what reſpect I owe you, I reſolved when I writ it to uſe a Conſcience in perſecuting you, and accordingly you'll find, I ſhall not tire my* Reader *with over much length; the Book-ſeller was in no danger of ſwelling the* Play *to* Price two Shillings, *and ſhall be thankful if he finds his Accounts in half the Summ.*

So-

Preface to the Reader.

So much for my Conſcience, now for my Civility: Look ye good Friends, conſidering that greater Bodies move ſlow, and the other weightier, maſſier Senſe, now in Rehearſal, and Study, cou'd not ſo eaſily be hammer'd into the Players *Heads, nor got up faſt enough; I reſolv'd the Town ſhou'd not be ſo diſoblig'd, as to have a whole* Hillary-Term *with never a new* Play; *and ſo I underſtudy'd, and jirckt up my little* Whipſter: *This lighter toy, like a Dance between the Acts, in pure Complauſance. I could inſtance ſeveral other Obligations of this kind, but not willing to inſiſt too much upon Merit, for fear of running up into Supererrogation, I am content to end with ſubſcribing my ſelf*

Your Humbe Servant,

Geo. Powell.

Gentlemen,

MY Friend, againſt my will, puts this Complement upon me, had he not been a particular Acquaintance, and a Brother-Actor, I ſhou'd have took it as an Affront; yet though he writ it, I dare ſwear neither you nor I think it; and ſo take it among ye.

Ad amicum in hujuſce Tragœdiæ Authorem.

Grande decus ſcenæ, ludorum fama, Theatri
Gloria, jam lauro tempora cinge tua.
Tam benè Romano tinxiſti verba lepore,
Tam denſis Phaleris pagina quæque nitet;
Ut ſpectatores, poterint feciſſe Catones,
Et rigidos Curios, Fabricioſque graves;
Non te Cecropiæ damnent Pandionis arces,
Nec rodant numeros Critica turma tuos,
Ergò age, non meritam dubites admittere famam;
Nec pigeat curæ præmia ferre tuæ.
Contemnas Rhoncos, noſtræ & faſtidia Romæ,
Quæ pluſquàm naſos Rhinocerotis habet.

Joannes Hodgſon.

PROLOGUE.

Writ by Mr. *Mountfort*, Spoken by Mrs. *Knight*.

NEW Plays is ſtill the Cry of the whole Town,
Therefore to day, young Powell *gives you one;*
The fellow never writ before this time,
And I am come to plead his Cauſe in Rhime;
You may be ſure that writing is grown ſcarce,
When he ſets up for Proſe, and I for Verſe;
Variety of Plays, like Women, all
Deſire, and both, when had, grow dull:
Women and Plays are both uncertain too,
We cannot ſwear they'r ſound, till try'd by you;
If a Play's bad, 'tis but three hours enduring,
But Women often coſt you three months curing;
From an ill Play, each to the Tavern runs,
Curſing the Poet, and his memory drowns,
Drinking Damnation to him in ſix go downs.
Our Scribler don't at all you ſharp Wits dread,
He writes as Bullies fight, not for Renown, but Bread;
I've heard there goes a curſe with Poetry,
Which many Authors know, call'd Poverty.
But as for Players,
They can no greater curſe then being Players deſerve,
For write or not write, we are ſure to to ſtarve;
You all are leaving us to ſerve the Nation,
Our men and we ſhall have a long Vacation;
One Plague by Fire this Houſe hath undergone,
Let not another be by Famine ſhown;
Some for the Field in diſmal Red *prepare,*
Others at Sea, engage in men of War,
Woe be to us the weaker Veſſels here;
What will become of every likely Laſs,
If Shipton's *Prophecy ſhould come to paſs,*
One man will never ſerve ſeven Women ſure,
When Women can intrigue with half a ſcore;
What ſhall we do, our falling Sex to prop,
The very day you march, we ſhut up ſhop.
Bills muſt be writ to let each Tenement,
We may find Lodgers, but they'll pay no Rent,
Be kind then to us, e're you go away,
Elſe we ſhall reap no Profit by this Play,
For Pyrat like, no Purchaſe, we've no pay.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KIng of *Cyprus*.		Mr. *Powell.*
Meleander, Brother to the Queen.		Mr. *Allexander.*
Ithocles in Love with *Marcelia*.		Mr. *Williams.*
Menaphon.	The Treacherous	Mr. *Mountfort.*
Orgillus.	Brothers.	Mr. *Hodgſon.*

WOMEN.

Semanthe, Queen of *Cyprus*.	Mrs. *Bowtell.*
Marcelia, Niece to the King.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Statilia, Siſter to *Ithocles*, diſguiſed in Boys Cloaths, by the name of *Lattinius* in Love with *Meleander*.	Mrs. *Butler.*
Armena, confident to *Semanthe*.	Mrs *Jourden.*

Pages, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE *Cyprus.*

THE

The First ACT.

SCENE. I. A Garden.

Enter Menaphon, *and* Orgillus.

Men. O *Orgillus!* thon talk'ſt in vain of comfort;
To one ſo wretched and ſo Curs'd as I,
For my Complaints have forc'd the Rocks, the waters,
The very winds have ſigh'd, & Brooks have murmur'd
Their kind Commiſerations of my ſorrow.

Org. Deſpair not *Menaphon*, you are not wretched,
Unleſs your own Impatience makes you ſo.
Why may not ſhe in time be won to love,
As well as other women? O my Brother!
Thou haſt been bred in war, and doſt not know,
The Subtilty, and Cunning of that Sex;
D'ye think becauſe She has deny'd you once——

Men. Once! one denyall! yes a hundred ſlights,
Repulſes, Scorn, all her diſdain can vent,
Have been my dayly, hourly perſecution.

Org. A hundred! is that all? were their name Legion,
A Legion may be conquer'd, fear it not,
For time can tame the Lion and the Tyger,
And with more eaſe a womans wandring fancy.

Men. I but ſo long to hope, and be delay'd
Is worſe then Death, to miſery like mine

Org. Perhaps your Sufferings may not long endure,
For womens minds Inconſtant are and fickle,
Uncertain as the leaf blown with each wind,
And Flexible, as is the bladed Graſs,
The'yl fly, but ev'ry ſtep wiſh they were t'ane.
What they deny, they wiſh too were Snatch'd from 'em,
They'l fight, but allways wiſh to be overcome.

Men. I but *Semanthe* is not one of theſe:

Org. How know you that my Brother?

Men. O too well!
For when this Tyrant Love firſt Seiz'd my heart,
When my tormented Soul cou'd hold no longer
I told her with a thouſand ſighs and tears,
The Secret which to keep wou'd have conſum'd me.
With ſuch a raging fire it flamed within.
I told her all the cauſe of my diſtreſs;
Yet ſhe did not alone deny my ſuit,
But with a look of fury, and diſdain,
She gave theſe words: Go wretch, below my Anger,
May thy Ingratitude to him that Lov'd thee,
That rais'd thee Monſter as thou art, from nothing,
Dwell in thy mind till thou repent'ſt thy folly;
With that flew from me, leaving me alone.
My Soul all burning like a blazing *Etna*;
And ſince, If I but offer to approach her,
She turns from every word and ev'ry look,
That moves but for her pitty, as the Peſtilence
Flew from my breath, and Baſſalisks from my eyes.
O *Orgillus*, what canſt thou now propoſe
What Remedy is left to ſave thy Brother?

Org. What Remedy? Time, Patience, Opportunity;
The fierceſt Torrents of a womans Paſſion,
Has both its Ebbs, and Flows, her tide of Hate
(Strong as it is, and bears down all before it)
May turn, and turn to Love; try her again:
You know the King, now Wars with the *Sicillians*;
And leaves the Queen, and Kingdom to your Care;
Cou'd any thing more favour your deſign?
Brother be ruled by me: you know this Garden,
Is ev'ry night her walk before ſhe ſleeps;
Here meet with her, and once more own your paſſion,
If ſhe refuſes you again forget her,
And leave the Scornfull Beauty to her ſelf.

Men. Forget *Semanthe*! 'tis impoſſible!
Sooner the Glorious Sun ſhall turn its Courſe;
Motion and Nature their great work give o're,
And the Eternall Axis Rowle no more.

Enter Semanthe.

Org. Brother no more, the Queen is coming this way,
Now if you ever hope to gain your wiſhes,

Be

Be bold, and your undaunted Paſſion ſpeak;
Mean while I will retire to yonder Grove,
That Secreſy, and Silence may befriend you. [*Exit* Org.]
Men. Oh how I burn! when I behold that face.
Turn, turn *Semanthe*, Cruell woman turn.
Sem. Bleſs me! what mournfull Sound was that?
Men. Mournfull indeed:
And from the wretched'ſt man that ſound was ſent,
That ever ſigh'd for Beauty, great as your's.
Sem. This villain here! how my heart ſhakes to ſee him [*aſide.*
What mean you *Menaphon?*—— [*to him*
Men. O I muſt ſpeak;
Though Death with Torments, Tyrants ne're found out,
Stood ready for me, I muſt ſay I love you.
Sem. As a Subject; and t'will become you.
Men. O Gracious Princeſs, if that bleſſed form— [*kneels*
E're harbour'd pity for a wretch diſtreſs'd;
Shew ſome to me, to me whom violent love,
Has tortur'd on the wrack of fruitleſs hope,
And anchor'd down my Soul in Seas of woe.
Sem. I underſtand you not.
Men. Then farewell Circumſtance—— [*riſes*
And ſince you are not pleas'd to underſtand me,
(Tho' I have oft diſcours'd this Subject to you)
But by a plain and eaſy way of ſpeech,
All Superſtitious reverence layd by,
I love you as a man, and as a man
I wou'd enjoy you; why d'ye ſtart, and fly me?
I am no monſter, and you'r but a woman,
A woman made to yield, and by example,
Told it is Lawfull; favours of this nature,
Are in our Age, no Miracles I'th greateſt,
And therefore Madam — [*approaching her*
Sem. Villain, ſtand farther off; Ungratefull Monſter.
A Crime, which Creatures wanting reaſon fly from.
Are all the Princely Bounties, Favours, Honours,
(Which with ſome prejudice to his own wiſdom)
Thy Lord and Raiſer has Confer'd upon thee,
In ſuch a ſhort time bury'd? has he made thee,
(From one obſcure, allmoſt without name,)
The envy of great Fortunes? have I grac'd thee,
Beyond thy Rank, and entertain'd thee, as
A Friend, and not a ſervant? and is this,

This Insolent attempt upon my Honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours.
Men. Hear my excuse.
Sem. The fall'n Angells may plead mercy,
And with as much assurance as thou, hope it.
This is not the first time,
Your treach'rous tongue has utter'd this wild outrage.
Think not I'le Longer bear your Insolence:
What Smiles, what friendships has my Lord showr'd on thee?
What a vast trust has he reposed in thee?
By leaving both his Kingdom and my self,
To thy protectian: Villain think on this;
And let it quench the Feavour in thy bloud.
Men. All this I've done; and many a weary night,
Have call'd these thoughts to my most strict rememb'rance
Brought my soul up to honours bar and try'd
The Cause of love at Conscience high Tribunall:
But oh in vain, for now too late I find
There is no Medicine for a tortur'd mind,
But freedom from the torture it sustains.
Therefore Divinest Princess——
Sem. Cease your Insolence,
Darst thou again with thy invenom'd breath,
After I had forbid thee, strive to tempt me,
To Act a deed, which my soul shakes to think on?
Know Traytor to reward this sawcy boldness,
I will not only paint thy barb'rous Guilt,
In its most hideous, black, Infernal form,
And to the Injur'd King present the *Gorgon*,
But rouse too my own Justice and Revenge,
Th' unquall'd Crime, with forfeit of thy Head. [——*offers to go.*
Men. Stay, stay, bright Angell, hear me but one word,
O! tho' my fault deserves a Punishment. [Men. *kneels & she returns.*
Greater then his who stole *Joves* fire from Heav'n,
Be you Compassionate, and shew some mercy,
I must confess my fault unpardonable.
(But oh consider what the force of Love is.)
But yet indeed to own a love to you
Was too presumptuous, and I do repent it.
Sem. Can it be hoped,
After a practise so abhorr'd as thine,
Repentance e're can find thee?
Men. By your self,

By your bright ſelf divineſt Queen I ſwear:
And all thoſe Powers that guard your Innocence,
Henceforth I never will in word or deed
Make Repetition of my Lawleſs Love.
'Tis not the fear of Death makes me ſue thus,
But a loath'd deteſtation of my madneſs
That makes me wiſh to live to have your pardon,
Which Granted, (in your preſence whom I've wrong'd,)
I'le let out that Ranck bloud which caus'd my folly.
Sem. No, riſe, riſe *Menaphon*, you have my pardon,
And ſhall my favour if you keep your Oath.
But if you do not, by the Pow'rs that rule us,
By all the fury of an injur'd Princeſs,
I'le lay aſide all thoughts of gentle pitty.
And when thy life ſhall anſwer thy black deed,
Stand by with pleaſure to behold thee bleed— [*Ex.* Sem.

Manet Men.

Men. She's Gone, for ever gone, and I am loſt;
Ne're ſpeak of Love on forfeit of my life.
O why was I pick'd out from all Mankind,
To fix my Love on ſo much ſcorn and beauty?
And why ſince fate had deſtin'd me to love her,
Should any other man in peace poſſeſs her?
No, if he do, may fortune ſtill purſue me,
With all her utmoſt and ſevereſt malice,
O 'twould be rare revenge for my ſcorn'd paſſion,
To throw a burning brand in the Kings breaſt,
And make his Soul feel tortures great as mine.
Work ſtronger in my heart thou dear revenge,
For thou art now all Muſick to my ſenſe.

Enter Orgillus.

Whoſe there! My Brother *Orgillus*.
Org. The ſame; What have you ſpoke to her?
Men. Yes, I have ſued,
Kneel'd, wept, and begg'd; but tears and vows and words,
Move her no more then Summer winds a Rock.
She threat'ned to diſcover to the King,
All that I ever mention'd of my love;
Which had ſhe done, I know my *Orgillus*,
My Life muſt needs have been the fatall forfiet,

Which

Which to prevent, I've bound my self by Oath,
Never to mention my rash love again:
Org. And will you keep that Oath?
Men. By Heav'n I will;
But yet I will not loose her unreveng'd.
This King that detains all my happyness,
Shall live in Torments great as I endure;
Curs'd Jealousy, that Poys'ner of Content,
Shall put an end to all his quiet here,
And O take heed *Semanthe*, for the Plot,
The fatall Plot that's working in my Brain,
Aims at no less a Price for my Scorn'd love
Then her too haughty life who has refus'd me.
Org. Is all your violent love then come to this?
Have you so soon forgot *Semanthes* beauty?
Is that bright Angell you so late admir'd,
Become so very low in your esteem,
That you can talk of Aiming at her life?
Men. O *Orgillus*! didst thou but know as I do,
The Pangs, the Tortures of a slighted love,
Thou woud'st not wonder at this sudden Change.
For when ill treated, it turns all to hate,
And the then darling of our Soul's revenge.

Enter Nearchus.

How now, the news with you?
Nea. Lord *Ithocles* is just arriv'd at Court,
And brings the news of the Kings victory,
Men. How victory! Oh bane to all my hopes!
Had he but brought news of his Funerall, [*aside.*
This scornfull beauty then perhaps might yeild
Org. Lord *Ithocles* the Herauld of his Tryumphs?
Is he the Harbinger? Curse of the name——
Nea. Yes my good Lord, he is.
Men. Nearchus leave us—— [*Exit* Nea.
Now Brother *Orgillus*,
I do remember the Kings wedding day,
Was Celebrated with all Martiall Pastimes, with Tilts
and Tournaments at the Solemnity.
Where *Ithocles* this Fav'rite of the Kings
Got an Immortall fame to your dishonour.
Org. Dishonour, yes, and such dishonour too,
Sprung from a cause so weak, that th'asham'd world,

Repeats

Repeats it with a bluſh; becauſe this upſtart,
In that days Tournament, had the kind luck
Only to Guide a Fortunate Launce againſt me,
A little to my diſadvantage. Chance,
Meer Chance, the ſport of Fortune; for Heav'n knows,
For years I've worn the Glory of the Liſts,
And ne're was foyl'd before; but cauſe *Semanthe*,
Was pleas'd to give the Triumph of the day,
The Golden Lot of that one ſingle chance.
To *Ithocles*, the fond Uxorious King,
To pleaſe his Queen, muſt ſacrifice his Soldier.
The vain applauſe of this new-made Favourite,
Seduced his Royall reaſon to that poor
Ingratitude, that the exalted *Ithocles*,
Was mounted in my honours, to Command,
That very Army which I've led ſo often,
To Victory for this forgetfull King.
Men. Forgetfull! yes.
Remembrance is a ſtranger to ingratitude:
Org. Had he perform'd ſome mighty feat in War
To out-ſtrip me in renown, ſubdued ſome Kingdom,
Which my weak ſword had loſt, then't had been Juſtice,
T'o're-leap my head, and ſeize my forfeit Lawrells.
But for a worthleſs prize, a ſportive Trophey,
For foyling me in a poor idle Tournament.
To have my blaſted Glories all torn from me,
Degraded, loſt, ſtript naked, to adorn
This Inſolent rifler with my borrow'd Plumes,
Is canker to my Soul, and ev'ry vein,
Run poyſon at the thought.
Men. O juſt Reſentments,
And ſure my brother can't forget that time.
Org. Forget it *Menaphon*! Impoſſible.
By Heav'n it grates my very Soul to think on't,
O I have worn him ſtill within my mind,
And wanted but an Opportunity,
To pluck this growing *Phæton* from his Glory.
Men. Now is the time, O *Orgillus*! my brain,
Is full of Glorious thoughts for our revenge.
Methinks I have already in my view,
A Mapp of all the Miſchiefs I intend,
To rid my thoughts of this proud ſcornfull beauty,
And thee of *Ithocles*, the Man thou hateſt.

Wilt thou be faithfull to me?
Org. Can you doubt it,
When you conſpire the fall of *Ithocles*?
What is it I would fail t'aſſiſt you in?
The Mighty Conqueror of the Univerſe,
Ran not more Hazard's in his years of War,
Then I wou'd do to take Revenge on him.
Men. Come to my breaſt, My Brother and my friend.
Was ever change like mine? Some moments ſince,
My Soul was all a-burning fire of Love,
But that hot Love is in an inſtant gone,
And all my thoughts are now Revenge alone. [*Ex. Om.*

The Scene Changes to the Pallace.

Enter Ithocles *meeting* Marcelia.

Mar. Wellcome my Lord, my life, my *Ithocles*,
Wellcome, O wellcome, from the hands of war,
Itho. O my *Marcelia*, do I once more view thee!
Once more behold thoſe dear, thoſe charming eyes?
By Heav'n, my Love, the King with all his Conqueſts,
Cannot have half the Joy, thy preſence gives me.
Mar. My deareſt *Ithocles*, my beſt lov'd Lord,
O what a long and tedious Separation,
Has this war made between us! but for all
The fears I've felt, the many tears I've ſhed,
To think upon the many dangers you were in,
This happy minute makes a full amends.
Itho. Speak on, and bleſs my ears with the dear Sound
Of that Celeſtiall voice, Muſique more ſweet,
Then is the Murmur of a ſlow pac'd Brook,
When 'tis with thouſand little Pebbles croſt.
Or the Winds Pratling 'mongſt the wanton Leafs.
Mar. But oh my Lord, when the heat of fight,
Your Sword imbrued in blood, and your fierce mind,
Employ'd about the bus'neſs of the War,
Then your *Marcelia* was not thought upon.
Itho. My unkind dear why doſt thou wrong me ſo?
By Heav'n the thoughts of thee inſpir'd my Courage,
And when I look'd upon the bold *Sicillians*,
And knew 'twas they detain'd me from thy Arms,
I flew more fierce, then Thunder from a Cloud.

And

And beat down all that did oppoſe my fury;
Not think of thee, why thou wert all my thoughts,
And ev'ry dream ſtill ſhew'd me my *Marcelia*,
And when the King wou'd to divert his cares,
With Feaſts and Revells paſs away the time,
I have retir'd alone into my Tent,
And bleſs'd my ſelf with thinking on *Marcelia*.
Mar. And will you ever Love thus?
Itho. When I do not,
The Flouds ſhall run back to their Springs again.
The Woolf ſhall fly and fear the ſilly Lamb.
But my beſt life, when ſhall we Crown our Joys?
When will the dear the happy minute come,
That Marriage muſt for ever make thee mine?
What tho' the Cruel hand of War did part us?
Now that is paſt, let us deferr no longer,
But make me bleſs'd above the reſt of Men.
Mar. My Lord, you know the King's conſent is wanting,
And tho' I do, and will for ever love you,
I dare not Wed without his free Permiſſion,
Since he has both a King and Uncles Power;
But more of that my Lord when he returns.
My duty calls me to attend the Queen,
And I dare ſtay no longer. O my Lord!
I had a thouſand, thouſand things to tell you,
When next we meet, (for we ſhall meet again,)
I will Command ſome happy longer minute,
And then compleat kind loves unfiniſh'd murmurs.
Itho. My better ſelf, after ſo long an abſence,
You may with ſafety grant one happineſs;
A kiſs from thoſe fair Lips wou'd be no ſin,
Good Night my Love, thou deareſt, beſt of women,
The thoughts of thy bright Charms wou'd turn me mad,
But that I live in hopes I ſhall poſſeſs 'em,
Thy beauteous Image fleets before my Eyes,
And ſhews the wond'rous Heav'n I ſo much prize.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

The Second ACT.

SCENE. I.

Enter Menaphon *and* Orgillus.

Men. HE Comes, my Brother *Cyprus* Monarch comes,
Wrap'd up with Joy for his ſucceſs i'th' War,
To meet a Fate, far worſe then thoſe *Sicillians*,
Whom his Victorious Arm has Lodg'd in Graves.
For we have not alone Conſpired his fall,
But what will add more pleaſure to revenge,
His Soul for that ſhort time he lives on Earth,
Shall feel worſe Torments then the damn'd endure,
O what a Scene have we in one night laid,
To ruine, both a King, a Queen, and Fav'rite.
Org. Brother you yet forget the greateſt Point,
The Plot we've laid, we can't perform alone.
But by the help of ſome that's near the Queen,
We may with eaſe Accompliſh our deſign,
Armena, Confident to fair *Semanthe*,
I once did make ſome ſhew of kindneſs to,
And till the Fruit I taſted, lov'd the Tree;
And tho' my paſſion does apace decline,
To further our deſign, I'le yet love on,
At leaſt pretend I do, ſhe, ſhe ſhall aid us;
I know for the paſt pleaſures we have had,
And for thoſe many more ſhe hopes t'enjoy,
She'l be aſſiſting to what e're I ask
Men. But *Orgillus*, will ſhe be faithfull to us?
Org. That is indeed againſt her Sexes nature,
But if ſhe's ſecret till we've workt our ends,
A bowl of Poiſon ſtops her tongue with eaſe.
Men. O thou art moſt Ingenions at contrivance,
By Heav'n I am all Extaſy to think,
With what a brave Revenge I pay her ſcorn.

But

But *Orgillus* our Vengeance ſtops not there,
The Scene of blood, will yet far higher grow,
For when the Hot, the fiery *Meleander*,
(The Brother to this ſcornfull piece of Beauty)
Shall from the King hear of his Siſters ſhame;
I know his boyling bloud will riſe ſo high,
That his wild rage will be his own undoing.
Then, then my Brother, when the Royal Line,
Is by the King's fierce Jealouſy deſtroy'd,
Who then remains to take the Crown but me,
Ambition and Revenge have fired my Soul,
And I'm Impatient till the work is done.
Org. Brother be Temperate, for raſhneſs often,
Spoils thoſe deſigns that have with care been laid;
And roots up their Foundations——— See *Armena*:
Now ſmooth-fac'd flattery aſſiſt my Cauſe
And dear diſſimulation ſtand my Friend,
Retire my *Menaphon*, it is not fit,
You ſhould be ſeen till I have wrought her to us.
Men. I go, and may ſucceſs attend thy purpoſe—— [*Ex.* Men.

Enter Armena.

Org. Madam you're grown a perfect ſtranger to me,
There was a time when it was otherwiſe.
Arm. There was indeed, but now that time is paſt:
You did obtain my eaſy Love too ſoon,
And ſcorn the prize which was ſo quickly won,
Now other beauties do poſſeſs that heart,
Which once I thought my own, but O fond fool,
Why did my vanity extend ſo far,
To think that I had Charms enough to keep
One of that Sex which ne're were conſtant yet?
Org. *Armena*, I confeſs I've been unkind
But oh it was not without wond'rous reaſon:
Arm. Did I e're give you cauſe, No *Orgillus*,
The tender Mother of her ſucking Infant,
Was never half ſo fond, as I of thee.
I muſt confeſs indeed I was below ye,
But ſure my Love might make amends for that.
What cauſe then coud'ſt thou find ſo ſoon to ſlight me?
Org. O my beſt life, think not 'twas want of love,
No my *Armenia* I ſo truly love thee,

That to thee I'le unclaſp my burthen'd Soul,
Empty the ſtore-houſe of my thoughts and heart,
Make my ſelf poor of Secrets, will not leave,
One thought untold that dwells within my breaſt.
Arm. What e're it be my Lord that does diſturb you,
O Let me know't, that I may bear a part.
Org. Thou ſhalt my Love, but oh take heed *Armena*!
Be very Cautious, and keep cloſe the ſecret.
For 'tis ſo great, my life relies upon't.
Arm. Can *Orgillus* then doubt me, Oh unkind,
That very word Confirms you do not love.
Org. Pardon me deareſt, I'le diſtruſt no more.
Know then, the King, the Queen, and *Ithocles*,
Did all conſpire my Ruine, and diſgrace,
I once was favour'd, and belov'd at Court,
I was the darling of the King and People;
But when the King was wedded to *Semanthe*,
All that great love which he before had ſhewn me,
He took away at once from *Orgillus*,
And ſtreight beſtow'd it on *Semanthe's* Brother:
This I forgave, and thought it was my duty,
To reſign place to'th Brother of my Queen,
But Oh a worſe diſgrace he threw upon me,
For *Ithocles*, this upſtart Favourite,
Crept into the opinion of the Queen,
And by her mediation to the King,
Got from me all the Offices I bore, and gave 'em all to him.
This, this *Armenia*, hangs upon my Soul,
More heavy far then lies the Load on *Atlas*.
But didſt thou Love, didſt thou but truly Love,
I yet might find a way to crown my peace.
Arm. O name it *Orgillus*! and if I fail,
T'aſſiſt in ought that may produce thy quiet,
May I ne're taſte the Joys that are on Earth,
Nor the Immortal pleaſures dwell in Heav'n.
Org. Thou only Miracle of woman kind.
How cou'd I merit ſo much wond'rous Goodneſs?
Know then *Armena* to revenge my wrongs,
I have deſign'd the death o'th King and Queen.
But cannot do't without thy kind aſſiſtance.
Arm. How *Orgillus*!
Org. What d'ye ſtart *Armena*?
Nay then I have deliver'd up my life.

To one that has determin'd to betray me.
Arm. Indeed my Lord this is the only thing,
I ſhou'd i'th leaſt have ſcrupled to have done.
But yet to ſhew how well, how true I love,
I'le ſtrive in this to ſerve my *Orgillus.*
Org. O let me take thee Cloſer to my heart,
My deareſt Saint, my life, my Soul, my heav'n:
Arm. I muſt Confeſs I could not eaſily
Embarque in a deſign of ſo much horrour;
But O my Lord you have receiv'd indignities,
Diſgrace ſo infamous, and wrongs ſo Lowd,
Enough to ſhake a Saint, wrongs of that weight
That I have wonder'd you cou'd bear and Love:
Nay, but to think what crying Injuries.
What vile injuſtice the ingratitude,
Of a falſe Court has heap'd on my dear Lord,
Has ſometimes Rowz'd that Gall, that Juſt reſentment,
Even in poor, poor *Armena*, that I've wiſh'd,
A Maſculine Nerve in this female Arm,
Able to weild a Sword in your hard cauſe,
And be my deareſt injur'd Love's Avenger.
Org. My Beauteous Champion, my Lovely Heroine,
In what a mighty Sum ſhall I be bound:
Arm. I muſt be gone, the Queen will ſtreight expect me,
But oh my *Orgillus* with thee I leave
My Heart, which ſhall be ever faithfull to thee:
And tho' the world my fault will diſapprove,
I'de venture more to ſerve the man I love. [*Exit* Arm.

Manet Orgillus.

Org. Poor Loving fool, with how much eaſe thou'rt caught,
That man that wou'd Succeſsfull be in miſchief,
Muſt by one means, or other, hook in woman;
Miſchief's they'r ſtudy, miſchief is their Trade,
And ſure t'was for that only they were made.
For when a woman once in miſchief Joyns,
She's ſure to gain whatever ſhe deſigns.

Enter Menaphon.

Now Brother Tryumph, things exceed our wiſhes;
I've wrought *Armenia* up to ſuch a height,

She'as

Sh'as vow'd to ſecond us in our Revenge.
Men. 'Tis well, but let us haſt to meet the King.
Hark { *Trumpets Drums, and Shouts afar off.*
Thoſe Shouts inform us he is near the City;
And if our Plot goes right, near to his Grave.
Again! Good Heav'n! [*Shouts nearer*
With how much Joy they wellcome him to Death.
Come *Orgillus*, let us go meet this man
Who Swell'd with Conqueſt comes with Tryumph on.

Trumpets and Drums on one ſide.
On the Other, Violins, Flutes, and other Muſick.
Enter on one ſide, the King, Meleander, Lattimus, *Captains, & Guards.*
On the other. The Queen, Ithocles, Marcelia, Menaphon,
Orgillus *and* Armena *attend.*
The King *and* Semanthe *meet and Embrace.*

King. O my *Semanthe* take me to thy breaſt,
And let me Grow for ever in thy Arms.
By Heav'n my Joys are much too great to bear,
Shou'd I gaze longer on this Charming fair,
Such killing brightneſs from her eyes ſhe'd caſt,
I ſhou'd not have the power to ſtand before 'em.
Sem. My Lord, my life, O how ſhall I expreſs
My wonderous Bliſs, to ſee you ſafe return'd!
I ſwear I think the Joys of Heaven too poor
To put in ballance with this one bleſs'd hour.
King. My dear, dear happyneſs, my all I prize;
I ſwear my Lords; and O bear witneſs for me,
You mighty Powers that have in war preſerv'd me
I Joy not half ſo much in all my Conqueſts,
As I do now in this dear happy minute,
Claſping *Semanthe* in my Longing Arms.

[*Whilſt the* King *goes and Salutes* Marcelia
[Meleander *comes towards the Queen*

Sem. O wellcome Brother, wellcome *Meleander*,
From all the dreadfull hazards of the war,
Wellcome above the world next my Lov'd Lord.
Mele. I thank you Royall Siſter, and I beg [*preſents*
Your favour for this youth, my lifes preſerver. *Lattimus.*
Lattimus

[*Lattinius Kneels, and kisses*
[*the Queens hand.*

Itho. The more I look upon that Lovely youth,
The more I see of poor *Statilia* in him,
My Sister who before this war fled from me,
Whither I know not, nor for what strange Cause: [*aside*
Men. Health and Success attend your Majesty,
[*Kneeling.*] May all the Glories that your Arms have won,
Be doubled on you, and your Conqu'ring Sword
Be ever thus Successful 'gainst your foes.
King. Rise *Menaphon*, my true, my faithfull freind,
O what return is in my power sufficient,
To recompence thee for thy wonderous care,
Of my *Semanthe* and my Kingdoms safety.
I swear con'd I bestow a Crown upon thee,
'Twould be too little to requite thy merits.
Men. What I have done, was nothing but my duty,
And wou'd do more, if more were in my power,
To serve my Royall Lord.
King. I know thou wou'dst. I know thy honesty,
To be as great as ever dwelt in man.
And know besides, that shou'd I spend my Life
In thanks to Heav'n for making me so bless'd,
With Loyall Subjects, faithful valiant Warriours,
But above all with my *Semanthes* Love,
'Twould be too little. O my brighteſt Star!
Let me again infold the next my heart.
Thus breathe my Soul into thy throbbing bosome,
I cou'd grow mad with my excese of bliss,
And end my Life this moment in thy arms.
Men. How soon this mighty Scene of love will vanish,
When once he finds my Poyson working in him. [*aside*
Itho. My Royall Lord, since you're so bless'd by fate,
And Heav'n has given you all you can desire,
Let me implore who want your Royall favour,
Your kinb Consent to make your vassall happy.
King. O *Ithocles*! if ought is in my power
To recompence thy Loyallty and Courage,
Be quick and let me know how I may serve thee.
Itho. Great Sir, upon my knees I beg forgiveness,
That I presume to ask so great a gift.

But

But love Reigns ſtrongly in my tortur'd breaſt,
And tho' I'me loved, by her my Soul moſt Covets.
'Tis your Conſent alone can make me happy.
Since 'tis *Marcelia* Sir for whom I ſue.
Mele Ha! for *Marcelia* Lord thou ſueſt in vain.
For tho' I yet ne're own'd my Love to her,
I've Long been her Adorer,
And have the Kings Conſent to make her mine.
Latt. Then I am Loſt—— [*Aſide.*
King. 'Tis true brave *Ithocles.*
Before I knew thy Love, I'de given my promiſe.
And never can conſent ſhe ſhall be thine,
Whilſt one ſo pow'rfull ſtands in Competition.
Mar. O Sir, upon my knees let me intreat you.
Force not my Inclinations, 'tis moſt true,
That I have given my heart to *Ithocles,*
And never can conſent to love another.
Meleander is too noble ſure to ſeek.
The love of one that muſt deny his paſſion.
Mele. Why Cruell fair? am I ſo far unworthy?
That you ſhould ſcorn me thus to pleaſe a Rivall,
He cannot more then I adore *Marcelia,*
Nor Venture more to ſhew how much he loves.
I have the King's Conſent——
Itho. But I *Marcelia*'s.
Mar. And when I e're conſent to love another,
Heav'n ſhut your bright gates againſt me, baniſh me,
From the bleſs'd Realms of your Immortal day.
May I——
King. No more thou Cheap Ignoble fool,
That durſt to own a Love without my knowledge;
To you my Lord I ever ſhew'd ſuch kindneſs—— [*to Itho.*
As might have kept you from ſo baſe an Act,
To Court thus privately a Niece of mine,
Forget her, and I'le own thee ſtill my Friend.
Perſiſt in it, and thy Life anſwers for it.
Itho. Forget her! No, if I muſt loſe *Marcelia,*
Death is the kindeſt thing you can beſtow,
And I wou'd now moſt willingly embrace it,
Since I muſt never hope t'obtain my Love.
For you, my Lord, it ſhews moſt baſe in you [*to* Mele.
To offer to invade Anothers right.
Our hearts, our Souls, are join'd by Soleman Contract,

And

And tho' the King's Consent on my side's wanting,
Her Constant heart is never to be Chang'd,
Therefore I know your Courtship will be vain.
Latt. Pray Heav'n it be——— [*Aside*
King. Well Sir, leave that to time.
But now to shew how much thy vanity;
And thy unlook'd for suit, has mov'd thy King,
As you respect my favour I command you,
Never make mention of thy impious love, [*to* Itho.
For if thou dost, by the great victory
My arms have gain'd over the bold *Sicillians*,
Thou shallt no more behold the face of day,
But in a Dungeon dark as your loves were,
I'le make thee end the remnant of thy days.
Sem. My Gracious Lord, let me intreat this mercy,
To Calm your rage 'gainst the unhappy *Ithocles*,
Consider love's the Occasion of his Crime,
Whose power alass your Royall self have felt,
And know 'tis Irresistable.
King. O pardon me, thou Mirrour of thy Sex,
That I bestow one minute from thy arms:
But shall *Semanthes* Brother plead in vain,
He who feels flames as great as *Ithocles*,
It must not be; by Heav'n my love it must not:
Conduct *Marcelia* straight to her Apartment, [*to* Armena.
And let none visit her without my Order.
[*Exit* Marcelia *weeping with* Armena.

Come my *Semanthe*, after all the Hazards
That do attend on war, the happyness
Of thy bless'd presence, makes me feel new life:
On to the Temple, where when we have given,
Our thanks to the great Powers that have preserv'd us.
Impatiently I'le wait the approach of night.
Then wrap'd in loves Immortall Paradice,
I'le revell in unutterable Bliss: [*Exit Omnes.*

Prætor *Itholes.*

Itho. Strike home dear Thunder, end my ling'ring pains:
Did ever Lover feel my Pangs and live?
Never was man surrounded with my Glory.
Th' intire possessor of the Constant love,

Of one ſo Beauteous, ſo divinely fair,
And yet am doom'd to famiſh in deſpair,
So the poor naked Slave diggs in the mine,
And ſees the Glittering Ore around him ſhine,
But does with hopeleſs eyes that wealth behold,
Wretched and ſtarv'd, amidſt a mine of Gold. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second Act.

The Third ACT.

SCENE I.

Meleander *diſcover'd in's Night-Gown.*

Mele. NIght Clad in black, mourns for the loſs of day,
And hides the Silver ſpangles of the Sky,
That not a ſpark is left to light the world,
Whilſt quiet ſleep the Nouriſher of life,
Takes full poſſeſſion on mortality.
All Creatures take their reſt in ſoft repoſe,
No Spirit moves upon the breaſt of Earth,
But howling Dogs, night-Crows, and Screeching Owles,
Deſpairing Lovers, and Pale Meager Ghoſts.

Enter Lattinius.

Lattinius here! why doſt thou break thy reſt?
This is an hour, wretches ſhou'd only wake.
Why weeps my pretty Boy?
Latt. To ſee your Sorrow,
And think it is not in my Power to help you:
For by thoſe Sacred Guardians over us,
I cannot think that dang'rous Enterprize,
I wou'd refuſe to purchaſe your content.
Mele. Alas! my ſufferings are paſt thy redreſs,

But

But yet I thank thee for thy care and Love,
I doat on one, colder then Alpine Snow.
One that would rather dye to pleaſe my Rivall,
Then live the Empreſs of the World with me.
Is there a cure for this? O there is none;
For were there any pittying, God above
Touch'd with Commiſeration of my grief,
And ſhou'd deſcend to plead in my behalf,
By Heav'n I think ſhe wou'd with ſcorn receive him,—
Stand the Temptation of a Golden ſhow'r,
And *Jove* himſelf in all his ſhapes unalter'd.

Latt. Might I without offence declare my thoughts,
I'de have you caſt your eyes on other beauties,
Search natures Store, and find ſome noble'r choice,
T'adorn your Nuptial bed.

Mel. O if I cou'd,
Embrace thy Counſell I were truly happy;
But know I love, and dye for that dear Charmer,
And Cruell as ſhe is, muſt ſtill perſiſt.
Another Choice! No 'tis impoſſible:
The reſt of that fair Compar'd with her,
Wou'd ſeem like droſſy mettalls to pure Gold.

Latt. O diſmal ſound! in all this mighty Tranſport.
I find but little hopes for poor *Statilia*. [*Aſide.*
But yet my Lord——

Mel. O talk no more *Lattinius*,
Unleſs thy words are praiſes of her beauty.
Deſcribe each grace of the Divine *Marcelia*,
Let every thing thou utter'ſt ſound her name,
And I will ſit and liſten to thy Muſick,
As ſweet as the Melodious Quires of Heav'n,
Or ſure Salvation to departing Souls.

Latt. Why ſhould it be ſo ſweet to hear the name,
Of one whoſe Pride is to be your Tormentor,
Who is the Cauſe of all your ſighs, *Marcelia*?
Who is't that makes you curſe your fate? *Marcelia*;
Who is it that unmans you but *Marcelia*?
Who is't that pays your conſtant love with ſcorn?
Who is't that doats on *Ithocles*, your Rivall?
Marcelia ſtill, whoſe very name is Muſick,
Sweeter then the Melodious quires of Heav'n,
Marcelia is the cauſe——

Mel. No more I charge you.

For your Officious love grows troubleſome,
Away, begone, and leave me to my thoughts.
Still art thou here?

Latt. Alas! I cannot leave you:
Upon my knees I beg if you e're lov'd,
Forgive my forward Zeal, and let me ſerve you.
I'le to this Cruell woman, tell her all:
Deſcribe each Pang that tears your Love-ſick heart,
Count o're the hours you waſt in ſad Complaints;
If ſhe was nurs'd by any thing but Tygers,
I doubt not but to move Compaſſion in her.
Try me my Lord——

Mel. Alas! 'twill be in vain.
She's Colder then the North, Impenitrable
As Rocks of Adamant, and ſcarce will hear
A meſſage ſent from me.

Latt. Fear not my Lord.

Mel O I have wondrous reaſon.
But ſince I find thou wou'dſt fain do me ſervice,
For once I will Imploy thee; tell her then,
If Poſſible, each ſigh thou'ſt heard me utter;
How much above the world I prize her Love:
Tell her what dangers I wou'd undertake,
To Gain one ſmile from her: wilt thou do this?

Latt. Indeed my Lord I will.

Mel. My better ſelf,
But ſee the morning-Star breaks from the Eaſt,
To tell the world her great Eye is awak'd,
To take his Journey to the weſtern Vales.
And now the Court begins to riſe with him,
Go to her then my faithfull dear *Lattinius*,
Lay if thou canſt my Dying Groans before her,
And Bath her feet with tears to move her Soul.

Latt. I will do all that lies within my Power.

Mel. Farewell my Pretty Boy, and ſome kind Angell,
Inſtruct thee with the means to gain her Pitty,

[*Exit* Mele.

Latt. O miſery! was ever fate like mine!
To Languiſh for the love of that dear man,
Whoſe heart alaſs is Conquer'd by another?
The reſt——
Of my more proſperous Sex compared with me,

Are

Are Goddeſſes, in Glitt'ring Chariots ride
And make their Lovers vaſſalls to their Pride,
But I, poor I, ſeek mine, and am deny'd. [*Exit*

SCENE II.

Enter Menaphon *and* Orgillus.

Men. Now Brother does the fatall time draw on,
That muſt or give me Death, or full revenge,
For all the Scorn, and ſlights were thrown on me,
By that Proud, haughty, and diſdainfull Beauty.
This hour ſhall put an end to all her quiet,
For I will work the King to that degree
Of Rage, and Jealouſy, that if his Soul
Can harbour any ſence of thoſe great wrongs,
As he moſt Certain ſhall believe is done him,
I know Immediate Death muſt be her Lot,
And ſure deſtruction to the man you hate.

Org. O that the wiſh'd for deed were once effected,
That I might ſee this Rivall to my Glory,
Fix'd in a Dungeon, or his hated Soul,
Sent to the place, where I cou'd wiſh it Hell.

Men. Doubt not my Brother, but that time's at hand,
Look on the Liquor this ſmall Glaſs Contains,
Infuſe three drops of it, i'th wine he drinks,
So many hours his Sences will be ſhut,
And Lay him in the Leaden hand of ſleep,
Which when perform'd, we may with as much eaſe,
Work our deſigns on him, as 'tis to think it.

Org. By Heav'n thy Plot deſerves Eternall Fame:
But Brother near as we can gueſs the hour,
Let it be when the Queen prepares for Supper.
Armena at that time by Inſtructions,
Shall give *Semanthe* the ſame ſleeping Draught.

Men. Haſte then my Brother, tell her our deſign,
Whilſt I infect the King with Jealouſy,
He comes this way; retire, leave me alone,
And doubt not but we ſhall have wiſh'd ſucceſs:

Org. Farewell.
And in each path may Fortune be your Guide. [*Ex.* Org.

Enter

Enter King, Guards, and Attendants.

King. How now my Lord? poſſeſs'd with ſerious thoughts:

Men. I'm thinking Sir, what 'tis to wrong a King,
And in what pain that honeſt man muſt live,
That ſees him wrong'd, and dares not tell him on't.

King. I think that man who knows his Prince abus'd,
And yet conceals it from him moſt diſloyall,
For ſure it is a Crime unpardonable,
To think a wrong 'gainſt an Annoynted head.

Men. But Sir, when thoſe that do it are in Power,
And a poor ſhrub is all that can accuſe 'em,
He'd hardly gain belief of what h'as ſeen,
And death muſt pay the honeſt fool his wages.

King. Not if he can ſhew Proof of what he ſays.

Men. My Liege, I beg a moments Privacy.
For I've a wond'rous ſecret to impart;

King. Retire a while. [*Ex. Attendants.*
Now *Menaphon*, your buſ'neſs:

Men. O Sir, I've ſuch a Story as will ſcorch,
Your boyling veins into ſo hot a Feaver,
Will make your heart-ſtrings burſt, and ſet a-float
The burning Lake within 'em.

King. Ha! be quick:

Men. If it were poſſible, I'de keep it in.
But 't has long ſtrugled in my breaſt for vent.
My Lord I know too ſure that you are wrong'd.

King. Ha!

Men. Wrong'd in the higheſt Point, wrong'd in your honour,
Upon my knees I kiſs this Proſt'rate Earth,
And humbly beg that which my tongue ſhall ſpeak—
Since it proceeds from nought but Love and duty,
May either be forgiven or forgot.

King. You have it, riſe, diſcharge an open breaſt.

Men. O my dread Leige, my words will raiſe a Storm,
Able to ſtagger all your Royal reaſon:
I wiſh my Loyall heart could cover ſin,
But love and my Allegiance bid me ſpeak,

King. Speak then, and do not wrack me with delay:

Men. Women, why were you made for man's affliction?
The firſt that ever made us taſt of grief,
And laſt of whom in Torments we complain:

Ye

Ye Devills, shap'd like Angells, through whose deeds,
Our forked shames are made most visible.
No Soul of sense, wou'd wrong bright Majesty:
Nor stain their blood, with such Impurity.
King. Nay good my Lord, leave off this Mistick speech,
And give me knowledge from a plainer phraise.
Men. Then Plainly thus my Lord, your bed's abus'd:
O foolish Zeal, that makes me desperate.
Your Queen has sin'd, and done a double wrong
To you, her self, and sacred Chastity.
O she has lost her honour, she that looks,
All health without, within is all Contagion.
King. How *Menaphon*! Beware, think where thou'rt going,
Endeavour not to blast *Semanthes* virtue,
Had'st thou thy sence about thee 'twere impossible
Thy tongue cou'd utter such blasphemous Sounds;
Therefore I pardon thee for what thou'st said,
And think it only the effects of madness:
But if like this you add one Syllable more,
Thou dost Pronounce upon thy self a sentence,
That Earthquake-like will swallow thee.
Men. Let it open.
Better that I, and thousands more shou'd perish,
Then live to see our Royall Lords Dishonour.
King. Ha!——— [*Offers to draw*:
Men. Do, I lay my bosom bare before you;
Kill me, because I love you and speak truth:
Is this the merit of a Roman faith?
Have I for this then play'd the watchfull *Argos*,
To sound the very depth of her designs?
I had been mad indeed, a doating fool,
'T'have told you this without I'd had some proof.
But know my Leige, did not your Rage devour you,
And passion too much oversway your reason?
I cou'd relate a tale so full of horrour,
'Twould startle all mankind to here it told:
But since I find you'd rather hug your shame,
Then bravely to Revenge the wrongs you suffer,
Send to the Grave, this forward Zealous fool,
That durst attempt to tell his King the truth.
King. Had I Just cause, I wou'd pursue such injuries,
Through fire, ayr, water, earth, nay, were they all
Shuffled again to *Chaos*, but there's none,

And therefore thou that haſt Blaſphem'd her virtue,
Sha't have thy Juſt reward—— [*Draws*
Men. Yet hold my Lord;
Since I am Enter'd in this deſperate cauſe,
And you think Death to be my due reward,
Let me before the fatall Blow is given,
Beg one ſhort minute not to Plead for life,
But let you know I dye for Loyallty:
King. Which if thou doſt,
Men. Which if I do not,
May the Immortall Powers at the laſt day,
Shut all the Shining Gates of Heav'n againſt me,
And hurl me head-long to the burning Lake.
King. I know thou'rt Valliant, and with valliant minds,
Slander is worſe then theft or Sacrilege.
A ſtep beyond the utmoſt Plagues of Hell,
And therefore I will hear what thou canſt ſay [*Puts up his ſword.*
If thou canſt ſhew me any Certain Proof.
(Which by the Gods it is a Sin to think)
That my *Semanthe's* falſe, inſtead of threats,
Thou ſha't in ev'ry thing find favour from me:
But if thou doſt not, by my Fathers Soul,
Imagine what makes man moſt miſerable,
And that ſhall fall upon thee.
Men. Willingly.
I do Embrace this kind Propoſall, Sir.
Know then, the man (or rather Stile him Monſter,)
That does thus Impiouſly defile your Bed,
Is *Ithocles.*
King. Well *Menaphon*, go on:
I'le patiently hear every word you utter,
But ſhall expect ſtrong proofs e're I believe.
Men. Which if I do not give, my lifes the forfeit.
King. I've done.
Men. My Lord, you know early this morning,
You went your ſelf to take a view o'th' Army.
No body left behind, but I, and *Ithocles.*
For having long before had ſome ſuſpition,
I did indeed neglect my duty too,
To try if I cou'd gain a farther Proof
Of what before I but ſuſpected only;
And having watch'd the Queen in the Garden,
I plac'd my ſelf unſeen behind the Bower,

When

When ſtreight I ſpy'd Lord *Ithocles* approach,
With all the haſt, belonging to a Lover,
He flew to the Embraces of the Queen,
And ſigh'd, and gaz'd, and kiſs'd, and Curs'd his fate,
That he cou'd not Poſſeſs that Heav'n alone:
She threw her ſnowy Armes about his Neck,
Imbrac'd him Cloſe, O *Ithocles* (ſays ſhe)
Thou darling of my Soul be ever thus;
Thus wiſe, thus ſecret in the ſcene of love,
And keep it ſafe from the deluded King.

King. What ſhou'd I think? he durſt not ſure ſay this,
Were he not very Certain of the truth;
Beſides the man was ever Counted honeſt, [*Aſide.*
He's young and handſome, Valliant, and diſcreet,
And I my ſelf have prov'd his Loyalty,
Theſe are not Marks belonging to a Villain.
O thou haſt wak'd me, and thy piercing words [*to him.*
Have ſplit my ſence in ſunder, and cou'd I,
Live to behold at once the general end,
And ſee the World wrap'd in its funeral Flame,
When the Bright Sun ſhall lend its Beams to burn,
What he before brought forth, and water ſerve,
Not to Extinguiſh but to Nurſe the Fire,
It wou'd not give me half the Torturing Pangs,
As does the thoughts thou'ſt raiſed within my breaſt.
But yet I muſt expect an Occular Proof,
For tho' thy words have rais'd a ſtorm within me,
I muſt have ſtronger reaſons that ſhe's falſe.

Men. Why then to ſhew you Sir how much I love you,
And with what Zeal I've ſtrove to ſerve my King,
I'le ſhew theſe two ſeeming Saints, (but Devills,)
Even in the Act of ſin that needs muſt damn 'em.

King. Ha! In the Act! it is impoſſible:

Men. It is indeed to Nick the very time;
But I will ſhew you ſomething Comes ſo near,
You may with eaſe imagine what's been done:
But know my Liege when theſe dark deeds are done,
'Tis when they're very certain of your abſence,
Therefore might I be worthy to adviſe,
Early i'th' morning make ſome ſlight pretence,
That may detain you till the following day,
Then if I do not give you certain Proof,
Of the Queens falſhood, cut me into Atoms.

King. Is't possible! O this Land-Crocodile,
Made of Egyptian slime! Accurs'd woman,
Wou'd when I first beheld her tempting face,
My eyes had met with Light'ning, and instead
Of hearing her Inchanting tongue, the shreeks,
Of Mandrakes had made musick to my Slumbers.

Men. My Lord be Patient, see before you doubt:

King. I will, nay thou sha't see me wond'rous Patient,
For yet I cannot think *Semanthe* false,
Tho' words like thine, urg'd with such Confidence,
To any man but me, wou'd turn him mad.
Farewell my Lord, and see you keep your promise,
For if thou dost not, Vengance, Hell, and Horrour,
Shall certainly attend thy Canker'd Soul. [*Ex. King.*

Manet Men.

Men. Rowl on the Chariot Wheels of my dark Plot,
And bear my ends to their desired Marks,
He's gone with black suspition in his heart,
And made his Soul a slave to Jealousy:
Let him go on, on to the Gulph of Ruine,
As sure he shall when I have work'd my Ends:
Now to my Brother, O thou Credulous King,
The Tortur'd Ghosts that dwell i'th' dark Abyss,
Have pleasant Hours to what thou sha't enjoy.
For when the black designs that I have laid,
Are brought to pass, then, then comes all thy pain,
And thou sha't never taste of Peace again. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Scene drawn discovers Marcelia *sitting Melancholy.*

A Song within.

I. *Were I with my* Orinda *bless'd,*
Of the dear Maid Possess'd.
It wou'd in Angells Envy breed,
To see our Joys shou'd theirs exceed,
One minute wou'd more bliss bestow,
Then they in Thousand Ages know.

II. *All over Rapture when ſhall I,*
With you in Tranſport lye,
On thy ſoft boſom to be plac'd?
To be by thoſe dear Arms Embrac'd.
Is better far then Diadems:
With all the Eaſtern uſeleſs Jems.

Marcelia *Riſes.*

Mar. No more of this, it ſuites not with my ſorrow,
For one ſo wretched, and ſo loſt as I——
The Groans of Tortur'd Ghoſts were fitter Muſick:
O *Ithocles*! Part'ner of my Afflictions,
With much more Joy, and vaſt contentedneſs,
Wou'd I embrace my death within thy Arms,
Then live poſſeſs'd o'th' World thus ſever'd from thee:
O King, King, O my too Cruell Unckle;
With what a weight of ſorrow do you load me,
Be kind and give me eaſe by preſent Death.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. One from Prince *Meleander* Craves Admittance.
Mar. Altho' I hate the name of him he comes from,
Yet that I may have Opportunity
To vent my paſſion by my ſcorn, admit him. [*Ex. Lady.*

Re-enter with Lattinius *and Exits.*

Latt. Divineſt Excellence, whoſe Conquering eyes,
Have made a Captive of the beſt of Men,
Do not with ſcorn repay his faithfull love:
Ah Madam, hither I am ſent to lay
His bleeding heart before you, and inform you,
He can no longer live without your pitty;
His tortur'd Soul will quickly leave its Manſion,
Unleſs your kind Conſent will make him happy.
Mar. My, my Conſent! Hear me you bleſs'd above,
If I do ever entertain one thought
Of love to any but my *Ithocles*,
Let me continue wretched, ſtill a Pris'ner,
And never know the bleſs'd content of Freedom:
This tell your Lord, and let him know beſide,

There's not one torturing Pang within his breast,
But what's doubled in mine, and he the cause:
Then gueſs what pitty he muſt e're expect
From one that ſuffers all this pain through him.

Latt. Alas his Crime is caus'd by too much love.
Oh had you heard, (as I too oft have done,)
The deep-fetch'd ſighs have ſprung from his ſad heart,
The many Groans, beheld the tears h'as ſhed,
His broken ſlumbers and his reſtleſs thoughts,
You'd ſure make a more kind return then ſcorn.

Mar. Never, Oh never, 'tis not in my power,
My life, my heart, my love is *Ithocles's*,
And 'Im too firmly fix'd e're to be Chang'd.

Latt. O on my knees let me return my thanks,
Keep ſtill, keep ſtill this conſtant reſolution,
Bleſs'd be the Powers that have inſpir'd your breaſt,
With this unſhaken faith to *Ithocles*.
For ſhou'd you er'e conſent to *Meleander*,
That day that gives you him muſt give me Death.

Mar. What means the Youth?

Latt. O Look on poor *Statillia*;
On her who loves above her life that man,
Whom you can entertain with ſo much ſcorn:
But by the freindſhip that was once between us,
And by the conſtant love you bear my Brother,
Lock up this Secret as you'd guard your life,
Leſt the too fatall breath of a diſcovery,
Shou'd Seal my everlaſting Baniſhment,
Shut from that Bliſs his deareſt preſence gives,
For 'tis there only that *Statillia* lives.

Mar. O riſe, thy Brother's Part'ner in my heart,
And what there is in my poor power to ſerve you,
You may with Confidence Command: but Siſter,
(For ſo I now muſt call you, ſince your Brother
Is made the full poſſeſſor of my love,)
You may be kind and let me ſee you often,
For 'tis a wondrous Comfort to th' afflicted,
To have a kind Companion in their Sorrows.

Latt. O do not doubt it, for your Company
Next *Meleanders* is my all I covet;
And ſometimes to divert our mournfull hours,
We'le ſit, and talk, and ſigh, and weep, and wiſh,
T' obtain our loves, but O I fear in vain.

Mar.

Mar. We know not that Heav'n Pities the Afflicted,
And time brings many wond'rous things to pass;
Mean while, we twins of misery and sorrow,
Will comfort one another, like true friends:
We'le equally share happiness and grief,
And beg some pitying God to send relief.

Ex. Omn.

SCENE. V. A Garden.

Enter King *and* Semanthe.

Sem. My Lord, If I did e're possess your love,
If you have any kindness for *Semanthe*,
Tell me the meaning of your clowded brow,
And why you seem thus troubled?

King. I have cause:
O my *Semanthe*, in my last nights sleep,
My troubled fancy has been so perplex'd
With dreadfull dreams, and hideous Apparitions,
That take away my quiet; for methought,
(O dreadfull sight!) methought the verge of Heav'n,
Was Ring'd with flames, and all the upper vault,
Thick laid with flakes of fire, i'th midst of which
A Blazing Comet shot his threat'ning tail,
Just in my face; I thought 'twas terrible;
But Oh what after came was that distracts me,
I saw, (O that I cou'd forget the sight)
Just in that Bower, (mark what I say *Semanthe*)
I saw thee sit, and in a short time after,
Lord *Ithocles* came with a lovers speed,
Imbrac'd, Carress'd thee, you requited him
With Amorous looks, soft kisses, twining arms,
With these kind words, O my dear *Ithocles*,
Let us be still thus Secret in our Loves,
And keep it close from the deluded King:

[*Seizes* Semanthe *roughly by the Hands.*]

But by the Honour of Anoynted heads,
Were both of you hid in a Rock of fire,
Guarded by flaming Ministers of Hell,
By Heav'n I have a sword shou'd make my way,
Through fire, and darkness furies Death to hew
Each Gangreen'd Limb of thee Infernal Sorceress.

Sem.

Sem. Mercy Protect me, will you murder me?
Alas! I cannot guess the cause of this.
King. O Pardon me *Semanthe*, do not blame me,
For such another dream would quite distract me:
But tell me love, was't not a dreadfull vision?
Sem. It was indeed my Lord, a wond'rous one,
Yet but a dream, for should so great a guilt
Hang on my Honour, 'twere but Justice in you,
If you should tear my false disloyall heart out,
King, Thy heart! nay Strumpet even thy very Soul.
[*Seizes her again.*
Tear it with fury from thy Cursed Carkass,
And damn it ever in Immortall Death.
Sem. Alas what mean you Sir!
King. O I am mad.
Forgive me dear *Semanthe*, for methinks,
I dream anew, and it distracts me so,
That I take Idle visions to be reall;
Leave me *Semanthe*, when these dreadfull thoughts
Have left my troubl'd breast, I'le visit thee.
Sem. The Heav'ns preserve you from those frightfull dreams,
That thus disturb the quiet of my Lord: [*Ex.* Sem.

Manet King.

King. Can she be false! no 'tis impossible:
The vision I have now related to her,
Was only what *Menaphon* sayd he saw.
If she were Guilty, there must needs appear,
Something of a mistrust she was discover'd.
But she looks sweet as Roses, and appears,
Like virgin Lillies in unsully'd Infancy.
If she be Chast then *Menaphon* beware,
For I will have a dire revenge on thee,
The torments us'd in Bloudy Massacres;
And more, if any more can be invented,
Shall surely fall upon thee; but if not,
If she be false, Destruction Ruine, Horrour,
Bloud, bloud, and Death, fair Infidell's thy doom:
And if for Injur'd love's Consummating vengeance,
Beyond the Grave, one Hotter place there be,
In all the hideous sphear of wrath divine,
The very Center of damnation's thine. *Ex. King.*

The End of the Third Act.

THE

The Fourth ACT.

SCENE I.

Enter Menaphon, Orgillus, *Meeting* Armena.

Org. WElcome *Armena*, what, is the deed done?
Arm. Speak ſoftly: 'tis.
Org. How Long?
Arm. Full half an hour:
Have you perform'd the ſame by *Ithocles*.
Men. At leaſt an hour ago,
The King too is Conceal'd at my Apartment,
And thoſe few Nobles that Attended him,
He has diſper'd on ſeverall Occaſions:
I'le to him ſtraight, mean while be it your care,
To fix 'em both 'th' poſture that I order'd;
The darkneſs of the Night ſo well befriends us,
That you with eaſe may ſecretly Convey him
To the Queens Lodgings, which when you've perform'd,
I'le bring the King to ſee the Dreadfull ſight,
That *Gorgon* like will turn him into ſtone: [*Ex.* Men.
Arm. O *Orgillus*, where do you mean to lead me?
My heart fore-bodes, this ruinous deſign
Will by the means of the Almighty powers,
Thoſe Sacred Guardians of the Innocent,
Fall on our heads.
Org. An Idle fear *Armenia*.
For 'tis not in the Power of fate it ſelf,
To hinder the deſign we've ſo well lay'd;
It is impoſſible it ſhou'd be diſcover'd,
Unleſs to one another we are falſe.
Arm. I hope my *Orgillus* does not doubt me,
I who for love of thee cou'd thus betray,
A Queen ſo kind, ſo Innocent and Good,
Wou'd not at laſt diſcover the dear man,
Whom I have forfieted my faith to ſerve.
Org. No my beſt life, thou deareſt, kindeſt Creature;
To doubt thee were a Sin unpardonable,

As much as 'tis impossible to make
A Return kind enough for thy deserts:
But see, my Brother, and the King approach,
Let us retire, and fix the dreadfull Scene. [*Ex. Omn.*

SCENE II.

Enter King and Menaphon.

King. O *Menaphon*, thou'st set me on the wrack;
What! an Appointment, O my tortur'd Soul,
If that the Center now this very moment;
Labour'd to bring forth Earthquakes, and Hell open'd
Her wide stretch'd Jaws, and let out all her furies,
I'de rather stand the shock, the bruut of all,
Then but to think 'tis true that thou hast told me.

Men. My Leige, shou'd I not be a desperate mad man,
To tell you this, were I not Certain on't;
By Heav'n I heard the dark Appointment made,
Nay more this very hour saw him go,
To'th Queens Apartment.

King. O Perfidious Monster.
But hast away, shew me the Scene of Lust,
Let me behold her dallying in his Arms,
That I may shoot with swifter fate upon 'em,
Then the Keen'st Bolt in all the Forge of Heav'n.

Men. My Leige I will, but yet 'twere requisite
Her Brother were a witness of her shame;
And for the greatest Plague to *Ithocles*,
Let his *Marcelia* too be a Spectator.

King. It shall be so, send speedily away,
And bid 'em meet me in the Queens Apartment.

Men. Who waits? *Nearchus.*

Enter Nearchus.

Near. My Lord.

Men. Away,
Hast to *Marcelia*, and to *Meleander*.
And bid 'em instantly attend the King,
He'le be i'th' Queens Apartment.

King.

King. Nearchus,
Here take my ſignet, and releaſe *Marcelia*,
And bid 'em not to make a moments ſtay—— [*Ex.* Near.
Men. Come Sir, now you ſhall find how true I love you,
Now you ſhall ſee the care of your poor Servant:
With how much pains h'as watcht theſe brooding Monſters,
And how at laſt h'as ta'ne 'em in the toil.
King. Light'ning and Earthquakes, Horrour and deſpair,
O the high Billows of my Stormy Soul!
If it be ſo, Mark, mark me *Menaphon*,
No *Lybian* Lyons rob'd of her young,
Rowzes her ſelf more fiercely from her Den,
Then I will do to cruſh this pair of Vipers.
O thou ſha't ſee with what a brave Revenge,
I'le tear the heart from the Adultereſs,
And make the blood of the falſe Scorpion cure me.
Men. 'Twill be but Juſtice for to wrong a King,
O Heav'n defend me, it is ſo damn'd a Crime,
That Hell it ſelf before ne're bred a Feind,
Cou'd entertain a thought ſo infamous:
But Sir, the time draws near, will you away?
King. Yes I will go:
With Light'ning in my eyes, in my heart Vengeance.
Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE. III.

The Scene drawn, diſcovers Ithocles, *and* Semanthe *A-ſleep on a Couch, Arm in Arm.*

Enter Menaphon *with a Light, followed by the* King, Meleander, *and* Marcelia.

King. Patience you Gods, hold, hold, my boyling blood.
O 'twere a rare and Exquiſite revenge,
To join their Hearts on my Swords point as cloſe,
As their Ingend'ring lips.
Mele. What do I ſee!
Vengeance and Horrour, do I wake or dream!
What, Arm in Arm, O I can hold no longer.
Take, take Adult'reſs thy juſt reward——
Draws. Runs to the Queen, and the King ſtops him.

King. Hold, hold, I charge you; for that brave Revenge,
Is due to me alone, wake, wake, you Monſters,
That e're I ſend you to th' infernall ſhades,
I may a while torture your Souls on Earth,
And let you know what 'tis to wrong a King.

Ithocles *wakes, and ſeeing the Queen by him, ſtarts:*
And turning round ſees the King.

Itho. Where am I! ha! What dreadfull Viſion's this!
If I do wake, ſome pittying God above,
Be kind, and end my life this very moment.
My Lord the King——
King. Yes Monſter 'tis the ſame;
Who is come hither to behold a Sight,
Wou'd damn a Saint, and blaſt a Baſſalisk,
To ſee two brooding Vipers mix their Poiſons,
And a Laſcivious lewd Adult'reſs burn,
With luſt far more Tempeſtuous, Flames far hotter,
Then that great day when the young Chariotier,
Miſled the Sun, and ſet the World on Fire:
O I'm not able to endure the Torture:
My Guards there.

Enter Guards Attendants, and Penthea.

Seize on that Infernal Feind.

Guards ſeize Ithocles.

Itho. My Gracious Lord, hear me but ſpeak one moment:
King. Be gone you ſlaves, and houſe him in a Dungeon;
Load him with Irons, lay more weight on him,
Then ought to hang upon his Canker'd Soul,
When he reflects upon his Monſt'rous Crime.

Guards force him out.

Mar. O Eyes, after this Object ſee no more:
O lead me, lead me from the diſmall Scene: [*to* Penthea.
Let me no more behold the face of day,
But in a Place fit for ſo loſt a Wretch,
In darkneſs End my miſerable Life.
There from the falſe deluding Flatt'ring Tongues,
O Faithleſs men, for ever I'le remain.
And ne're believe that Perjur'd Sex again.

[*Exit* Mar. *weeping led by* Penthea.

King.

King. Who wou'd believe a Guilty wretch like her,
Cou'd take a sleep so sound——— [Semanthe *wakes.*
But see she wakes,
And seems amaz'd to see her lover gone:
Turn this way wretched thing, and look on me.
[Semanthe *runs amazedly to the King.*

Sem. My Lord the King! O take me to your arms,
And sheild me from that lean devouring feind:
O Sr, I've had a dream of so much horrour,
'Twould Certainly have run me to distraction,
Had not the sight of you awak'd my spirits:
But my dear Lord, I little did expect,
T'have had your wish'd for company to night.

King. Hear, hear you Gods the Cunning of this *Syren.*
Look down upon the Sex which you have made,
To Curse Mankinde and fill the world with plagues.
O Devill, Devill in thy propereſt shape,
How canst thou look upon me but with Horrour?

Sem. Alas! what means my Lord? sure I dream still,
I do beseech you speak not such harsh words,
My tender heart unus'd to these strange sounds,
Struggles within me, as 'twou'd leave its dwelling.

King. Peace, peace thou Artfull Strumpet, talk no more.
Sem. What is he Angry?—— [*to* Mele.
Mele. Blackest vengeance seize thee.
Where hadst thou Impudence to ask that question?
Sem. Good Heav'n what unknown Crime have I committed,
To Pull that Curse from *Meleanders* mouth? [*weeps.*
Sem. My Royall Lord——— [*to the King*
King. Damnation Stop thy Speech:
Go take this Viper to your Custody,— [*to* Bassanes.
And let her not behold the face of day.
Sem. May I not know my fault?
King. Perdition seize thee:
Away with her, let me not hear her speak.
Sem. Have you no pity?
King. Dogs have you no ears?
Sem. Stay but one Moment——— [*to* Bassanes
King. Better swallow fire.
Sem. Brother, Plead for me;
Mele. Sulpher Choak thy voice. [*Exit* Meleander
[*Exit* Semanthe *forc'd out by Guards.*

King. O I am all within a burning *Etna*,
My blood boyles hotter then the Poiſon'd fleſh
Of *Hercules* Cloath'd in the *Centaur's* Shirt.
Men. Had I not ſeen, I never cou'd have thought,
Semanthe of all womankind was falſe.
King. She, 'tis no wonder friend, for by yon Heav'n,
The Sex is all perdition,
When nature ſhall all blaze and the Poles crack,
Hell Gape, and all its Sulph'rous mines burſt out,
'Tis only woman that muſt light the fire.
Men. O horrour! what a Tempeſt have I rais'd?
Dear Sir, no more, Ceaſe this wild rage.
King. I've done— [*Pauſes.*
And now will ſtudy for a dire revenge.
Riſe from thy Scorching Den thou Soul of miſchief,
And teach me Torments ne're before invented,
Swell me revenge, till I become a Hill,
High as *Olimpus* Cloud dividing Top,
That I may fall, and cruſh 'em to the Center.
O that I cou'd make her an Age in Dying,
And O that her's were like *Prometheus* heart,
And I'th immortall vulture to Torment it.
Men. O Royall Sir, upon my knees I beg,
If all the Service that I ever did you,
Can merit but the ſmalleſt ſpark of favour,
Hear me but ſpeak, 'tis true, ſhe ought to Dye,
Her Crime I muſt confeſs unpardonable;
But O conſider Sir, think on her Sin,
Think on the Anger Heav'n muſt bear againſt her:
And ſhou'd you ſend her hence loaded with Guilt,
T'wou'd forfeit all her Joys i'th other world;
Therefore moſt Sacred Sir, I do intreat,
That you wou'd ſpare her time for a repentance.
King. Repent! Alas! thou knowſt not what thou ſayſt.
Is't poſſible a woman e're can Pray!
No friend, the only uſe they make of Heav'n, is
To be forſworn by't, but my ſence turns wild,
And throngs of thoughts are crowding for a paſſage.
By all my hopes ſhe ſhan'tout-live this night,
Even now I'le bath my hands i'th Stumpets blood:
Farewell my Lord, and e're the morning Dawns,
Thou ſha't behold theſe hands Steep'd in her Gore,
And even her name raz'd from my memory.

From

From this wild rage, her Death ſhall free my Soul,
And I forget I had a Queen ſo foul,
For ever ſcorn, nay loath all woman-kind.
But oh my former Peace, I ne're ſhall find. [*Ex.* King.

Manet Menaphon.

Men. So, my deſigns at laſt have gain'd their end:
But ſtay, *Armena* lives, and ſhe's a Woman,
By Conſequence too leakey to keep ſecrets.
My Brother therefore muſt diſpatch her ſtraight;
By Heav'n to Night, ſhe muſt not live till morn,
For that frail Sex is ſo much given to talk,
They are not ſilent in their very ſleeps,
And tho' the ſecrets they're intruſted with,
Are ev'n the Hinges that their own lives hang on,
Their ſlippery tongues, are all ſo giv'n to ſtir,
That death's the only thing can keep 'em ſtill.
Therefore to make our great Foundation ſure,
Her talking Malady by Death we'le cure. [*Exit.*

SCENE. IV. A Priſon.

Ithocles *diſcover'd Chain'd, and lying on a Couch.*

A Lamp burning by him.

Itho. To what may I compare this diſmal place?
Sure 'tis a grave, A Tomb for living Men,
Or elſe a Place form'd by Conſpirators,
To lay thoſe dark and Damnable deſigns,
That dare not look upon the open day.
You mighty Rulers of the Heav'ns and Earth,
You Sacred Guardians of poor wretched man,
Do I deſerve theſe Chains, this loathſome Dungeon?
You know my Innocence, you know what ſpells
Betray'd me to the Embraces of the Queen:
You know the Villany of *Menaphon*,
(For ſure 'twas his moſt damnable deſign,
That did Convey me to that fatall place,)
By what curſt drugs he ſhut my ſenſes up,
That when I wak'd I ſpy'd my own undoing.

Enter

Enter Marcelia.

Marcelia here! then ſorrow take thy leave,
And nought but Joy inhabit in my breaſt,
O to my Arms thou Goddeſs of my days,
Why doſt thou thruſt me from thee, O my Soul?
Do not thou join too with the Angry powers,
And make my mighty load of miſery,
More heavy then before.

Mar. No perjur'd Man,
I come not here t'upbray'd you with your Crime,
But ſince the King has given me his permiſſion,
To let me ſee you; know my Lord I come,
To take my Eternal leave.

Itho. What means my Love?
I know indeed my death draws on a-pace,
My innocence by Villany's betray'd.
But hoped my *Marcelia* wou'd have been more kind,
Then ever to ſuſpect my Conſtancy.

Mar. Suſpect! Alas, 'twas more then bare ſuſpition,
'Twas not the Power of the World cou'd move me,
Had I not ſeen it, to believe thee falſe:
But when claſp'd Arm in Arm I did behold thee,
And after that thou durſt forſwear thy Crime,
It adds the Sin of Perjury to Falſehood,
And makes thee ſeem a Mon'ſtrous thing indeed.

Itho. By the Eternal Lamps that light the Skies,
'Twas Villany and damn'd Contrivance all.
The Plot, and Treachery of *Menaphon*.
The Queen is Innocent as unborn babes,
Tho' fal'n with me in that curs'd Traytors ſnare.

Mar. O, Men, Men! who wou'd e're believe your Oaths.
The Moon does not ſo often change her Courſe,
As you do Change your loves; I'le hear no more:
Let me but take one look from thoſe dear eyes.
And now, falſe Sex farewell. [*offers to go.*

Itho. O ſtay, dear Angell ſtay;

Mar. No, my unkind, falſe Lord, farewell for ever.

Itho. Stay but one minute, ſtay miſtaken ſweetneſs, [*Kneels*
Do not forſake your Loyall proſt'rate ſlave.
Here I take root, and grow into my Grave,
Till I have gain'd belief of my *Marcelia*.
O, hear me, hear me, for by you bright Heav'n,

My

My oathes are true, the Gods can witneſs for me,
They ſee, they know my heart, my truth, my Soul.
Mar. O *Ithocles*, Stop, ſtop that fatall Eloquence,
Such were the very Sounds that firſt undid me:
Thou true! no Cruell man, ſpeak it no more.
I will not hear it named, it is a ſound
I never can believe from man again:
Wou'd you be ſo unkinde t'undo me more?
Did I not ſee you falſe, ſaw your imbraces?
Itho. What ſhall I ſay, is there no pittying God,
That will deſcend a witneſs of my truth?
Mar. No there is none, they all have ſeen thy falſehood,
Farewell, and O that fatall name of love,
I now ſhall hear no more, Heav'n grant you freedom,
And may you long inherit happineſs,
Poſſeſs in ev'ry thing your wiſh, whilſt I,
Go ſeek ſome Melancholly Cell and Die— *Ex* Mar.
Manet Ithocles.

Itho. Not hear my Innocence? thou ſha't fair murd'reſs,
I'le Thunder't in thy Ears till I am dead.
Nay, when thy ſcorn has layd my bones in duſt,
I'le burſt my Marble Load, and tell thee Tyrant,
Thou wert the Chiefeſt cauſe of my affliction:
Yes, thou ſha't hear—
My murmuring Groans, thy murder'd Lover's Groans,
Whilſt all thy Glorious Locks, thoſe beauteous Treſſes,
On thy Prowd Forehead fix'd with horrour ſtand,
Erected like the ſtrutting *Porcupine*,
And the bright fires in thoſe bewitching eyes,
Wane and burn Pale at my approaching Ghoſt,
And Wiſh too late for what thy Scorn had loſt.
[*Exit* Ithocles.

SCENE. V.

A Banquet ſet forth. Two Bowls on the Table.
Enter Orgillus.

Org. I've ſent according to my Brothers order,
To bid *Armena* meet me inſtantly,
'Tis near the hour I did appoint her coming;
How eaſy 'tis for man to be a villain;
He that deſires to bend his mind to miſchief,

Let

Let him but be a fix'd Induſtrious knave,
And he can never fail of his deſigns.
I hated *Ithocles*, conſpir'd his fall,
Aſſiſted *Menaphon* in his deſigne
Againſt a Queen virtuous and Innocent:
But why ſhou'd I conſpire *Armena's* Death?
I cannot gueſs what Crime ſhe has Committed;
But I have waded into villany,
And to proceed 's leſs dangerous then retreating,
The deeper Gulph I have plung'd o're, and now
Have but the ſhallower Brink to ford it through.

Enter a Servant.

How now? your news?
Ser. Armena Craves admittance.
Org. Conduct her in—— [*Exit Servant.*]
Keep back you Checks of Conſcience,
You ſhou'd have ſtung me e're I had began
This damnable deſign, 'twould now be baſe,
To ſtart from what ſo firmly was reſolv'd.

Enter Armena.

She comes the Sacrifice draws toward the Altar,
Come near my love, why does my Angell weep?
Why drops the precious dew from thoſe fair eyes?
Art thou not well? what means that ſigh *Armena*?
If thou didſt ever love me, tell the cauſe.
Arm. O *Orgillus*, O cruell bloody man!
To what a Sea of Ruine have you brought me?
Org. Is't Poſſible! do you repent your kindneſs?
Arm. Oh as you hope for happineſs hereafter,
As you wou'd gain Immortal peace of Heav'n,
Be juſt, and ſave the Queen, and *Ithocles*,
Declare to th' King your curſed mint of Forgery,
Lay open all your Plot of bloud and horrour,
And ſave your own, your Brothers Soul and mine:
For ſure Damnation muſt attend our Crime,
That thus betrays a pair ſo Innocent.
Org. How, my *Armena*! What! betray the ſecret?
Wou'dſt thou then have me Traytor to my Brother.
Betray the man that has walk'd hand in hand,
Aſſiſted me in my Revenge? O horrid!

Arm.

Arm. A Traytor to him, no, you'l be's friend,
You free him from Eternal Puniſhment.
D'ye think that Heav'n, (which is in all things Juſt,)
Will ſuffer treachery like ours to ſcape
The Puniſhment our Treaſon has deſerv'd?
Upon my knees I beg you, as you hope,
For pleaſure here, and happineſs hereafter;
Go to the King, tell him your damn'd deſigne,
His Joy to finde the Queen is Innocent,
Will make him pardon us for our paſt crimes;
And all the ill we have already done,
Will be for ever Cancell'd and forgot.

Org. Sit down my love, and tell me: ſhou'd I now
Go to the King, acknowledge ev'ry fault,
Tell him by what ſtrange execrable means,
We brought thoſe Innocents into our Snare,
D'ye think he wou'd forgive us?

Arm. Not that only,
But Favour us, eſteem us his beſt freinds,
Commend our happy, bleſs'd Remorſe of Conſcience;
Think ev'ry hour of our remaining life
Will be repentance, (as I'me ſure it ought,)
To waſh the Guilt away that Clogs our Souls.

Org. Since then *Armena* 'twas the love of me,
Betray'd thee into our dark Conſultation,
I will to thee unfold my neareſt Secret;
My Brother and my ſelf had ſo deſign'd,
The morrow for *Semanthes* Execution,
But now to ſhew my Gratitude and love,
(Together with a ſharp remorſe of Conſcience,)
I'le change my Cruell, and (too) barbr'ous purpoſe,
Content my ſelf with what's already done,
And rely wholly on the King for mercy.

Arm. And are you reall?

Org. As the Powers we ſerve.

Arm. I thank you from my Soul my deareſt Lord,
You have by this kind grant made me your vaſſall.

Org. Armena, A long life to the fair Queen;
May ſhe enjoy her former happineſs,
And be as bleſs'd as thou wilt preſently,
When I've reveal'd our ſtory to the King,
For ſure 'twill over-joy thee.

[Orgillus *drinks.*]

Arm. With more pleaſure
I wiſh her life, then Heirs their Fathers Deaths.

[Armena *drinks out of the Poyſon'd Bowle.*]

But O make haſt, leſt his wild Jealouſy,
Shou'd hurry him to do the fatall deed,
Which ne're can be recall'd.
Org. It ſhall not be recall'd, nor ſha't thou hinder it.
Arm. What means my Love?
Org. Dull thing I'le tell thee:
I did (as now I finde I had ſome cauſe,)
Suſpect thy mind too wav'ring for a Secret,
Of ſuch great Conſequence as ours was:
Therefore thou frail one, with that bowl of poyſon,
I've Seal'd thy lips for ever.
Arm. Can it be?
Is this then the requitall of my love?
But Oh 'tis now too late for to upbraid thee:
Yet *Orgillus*, tho' you to me are Cruell,
Be mercifull to'th Queen She's Innocent:
O Save her, ſave her e're it be too late;
Upon my knees with my laſt breath I beg, you
Do not perſiſt in that will bring deſtruction
Even to your long eternity, and blot
Your ſpotted Soul from the fair Book of Life.
Org. A fit of Conſcience; Pious fool! but Conſcience,
Is all our common frailty, when we're dying.
But to be kinder to you at our parting,
Then let you ſpend your laſt ſhort breath in vain,
Imploy the little time thou haſt to live,
Some other way, and not on talk to me;
I have got by thee all the good I can:
If thou hadſt had a farther Power to ſerve me,
Thou ſhoud'ſt have liv'd, but I have gain'd my End,
And now 'tis for my Int'reſt thou ſhou'dſt die.
Arm. You have your wiſh, I find your words are true,
For Deaths Cold hand has ſeiz'd upon my heart:
Farewell thou Chief of thy falſe perjur'd Sex,
And O take heed! for bloud will ſure have bloud;
Tho' Cruell as you are, I can forgive you,
And wiſh that Heav'n wou'd deal ſo mildly by you;
My death is only what I have deſerv'd.

But

But O beware, let not *Semanthe* Die,
For hers, will ſurely be reveng'd at full:
The fatall Drug works ſtrongly in my breaſt,
I feel, I feel my life decay apace;
You powers forgive me for my Sinfull Crime;
Take me; O take me to your bleſs'd abode;
Preſerve the Queen, let not this black deſigne,
Reach her dear life, tho' it has loſt me mine. [*Dies*

Org. She's gone, now Brother thou'rt ſecure from fear,
The Secret now's alone between us two;
And if we are not Traytors to our ſelves,
We muſt be ſafe; where ſhall I now diſpoſe her?
Stay, let me ſee, under my window runs,
A River, very proper for my purpoſe:
From thence Immediately I'le caſt her in,
And if ſhe's found, ev'ry one will ſuppoſe,
She met her Death by accident, or elſe,
My Brother ſhall Inſinuate to the King,
She was Complotter with the Queen *Semanthe*,
And Guilt had caus'd her act a deſperate deed:
It ſhall be ſo, I'le inſtantly diſpatch,
And tell my Brother how I have Succeeded.
Farewell thou loving fool, I pitty thee.
But 'twas not for my ſafety thou ſhou'dſt live:
For when we once are Conſcientious grown,
We cannot keep a Secret tho' our own,
[*Exit Carrying off* Armena.

The Scene Drawn diſcovers Semanthe *in Priſon,*
In her Night-Gown, Reading,
A Lamp burning by her.

Sem. All's huſh'd, and quiet as the peacefull Grave,
The Labourer tyr'd with his dayly toil;
Now takes a ſweet repoſe, but I muſt wake,
For ever wake, and never know content,
Plac'd in a diſmall, dark, and Loathſome Jail,
And cannot gueſs what Crime I have Committed,
Nor why the Cruell King is Angry,
Were I but ſenſible of any fault,
I ſhou'd then think it Juſtice I were here,
But cou'd I ſearch my life from the beginning,
I cannot think a Guilt deſerving this.

Enter to her the King.

Whoſe there at this late hour ? my Lord the King!
King. Yes, yes Adultereſs:
Look on me Monſter, look on him thou'ſt wrong'd,
Behold a King that would have dy'd for'thee,
And for his faithfull violent Conſtant love,
Cou'dſt thou not make him a more kind return.
Sem. O Sir, as you wou'd gain Immortall honour
On Earth, and everlaſting Joys in Heav'n,
As you wou'd have your Glorious actions fill
The Book of fame, and like aſcending Incenſe,
Perfume the Skies, and treat th' immortall Gods,
Be kind, and let me know how I've offended,
For by the Sacred lights that ſhine above,
Theſe eyes yet never ſaw the riſing Sun,
But that my Vows and Prayers were ſent to Heav'n,
For the dear ſafety of my Royall Lord;
Therefore I cannot gueſs what wond'rous fault,
I have Committed to deſerve a Dungeon.
King. O thou bewitching *Syren*, dar'ſt thou plead,
An Ignorance to all thy horrid Gnilt,
Nay, then thou are a Monſter damn'd indeed,
To Plunge in Sin and pretend Innocence:
I thought, t'have found thee mourning for thy Crime:
For Sinfull as thou art it was my wiſh,
Thou might'ſt before thy Death make peace with Heav'n.
Sem. My death! Good Heav'n what means my Royall Lord?
I hope that time is not yet near at hand.
King. Moſt ſure, why cou'dſt thou think I'de be ſo tame,
After I'de found thee falſe to let thee live?
Sem. How falſe my Lord? in what?
King. Falſe to my bed.
I need not tell thee, for thou know'ſt too well,
By Heav'n thou art as light as fleeting ayr:
Sem. Who's my accuſer?
King. My own eyes beheld thee,
Claſp'd arm in arm with *Ithocles.*
Sem. Nay then,
I find I am Betray'd, and you Abus'd.
King. Betray'd! Good Heav'n! what does the ſtrumpet mean?
Nay then 'tis time to give the fatall blow:

For

For ſhou'd I liſten longer to her words, [*Aſide.*
She wou'd perſuade me ſpight of all I ſaw,
To take her to my Arms and pardon her.
Come thou fair Devil, in thy Prayers reckon, [*to her.*
The perfect ſum of all thy horrid ſins;
There amongſt others, pour forth ſtreams of blood,
For one above the reſt, Adul'try, Adul'try, *Semanthe*,
Such a guilt, as were the Sluces of thy eyes let up,
Tears cou'd not waſh it off.
Now turn thy eyes into thy hov'ring Soul,
And do not hope for life, wou'd Angells ſing,
A *Requiem* at my Herſe but to diſpenſe
With my Revenge on thee, 'twou'd be in vain:
Prepare to dye.

Sem. I will, moſt willingly,
But wou'd fain make my Innocence appear,
Dear Sir, upon my knees I do entreat you
To hear me ſpeak before my Execution:
If I were that ſtrange Monſter you wou'd make me,
It were but Juſtice you ſhou'd take my life,
But here I ſwear by the Eternal Powers,
By all my hopes in Heav'n, I am not falſe,
Believe my tears.

King. There's nothing of thee reall,
I'de been too happy if thou hadſt been true:
The thrifty Heav'ns mingle our Sweets with gall,
Leſt being glutted with exceſs of good,
We ſhou'd ungratefully forget the giver.

Sem. O Sir——

King. Be gone, take thoſe Inchanting eyes away,
There's a bewitching Influence within
Thoſe ſparkling Circles, that unmans my Soul:

Sem. Nay, if theſe eyes have Pow'r to make you kind, [*kneels.*
They ſhall purſue you whereſoe're you go;
With their ſoft, humble pleading, courting tears,
I'le weep 'em blind to quench your raging fires.
Dear Sir, indulge, Improve theſe ſparks of pitty,
Mercy's the Glory of a Deity, ſubdue
Your wild deſires, and that Heroick deed,
Is Nobler then the Conqueſt of a Kingdom;
But if you ſtain your hands with Guiltleſs blood,
Then think what diſmall horrours wait on murder,
Woolves, Ravens, ſcreech-Owls then will be your Gueſts,

And my pale Ghoſt will haunt your ſtartling Sleeps,
Preſs your ſad thoughts with loads more heavy then
The Pond'rous Marble that Entombs my aſhes.

King. By Heav'n I can no longer bear her ſorrows,
Her watry eyes wou'd make a Tyger tame,
One accent of that tongue wou'd Calm the Seas,
Tho' all the Winds ſtrove there at once for Empire.
But Ha!
Where am I going? Stay my fleeting Glory,
I had deſign'd that great, that brave reveange,
As ſhou'd have fix'd my vaſt immortal fame,
High as a Monumentall Pyramid,
And hid its Tow'ring Top among the Clouds,
But thou falſe feind wou'dſt ſhake my great Foundation:
Take thy face hence.

Sem. O Sir?

King. I'le hear no more.
Vaniſh falſe fire, bright Meteor diſappear;
It is not ſafe for me to tarry here;
My mighty mind wou'd keep its ſacred way,
But ſhe ſtrews Flow'rs to lead my Soul aſtray. [*Ex. King.*

Manet Semanthe.

Sem. Pitty me Heav'n, and view my wretched State,
Let me not undeſerv'dly meet my fate,
O Change this frantick humour in the King,
His ſtrágling ſenſe to its firſt Station bring;
Calm his wild rage, let him his Errour ſee,
But if your doom decrees that I muſt dye,
Let when I'm dead my Innocence appear,
My ſpotleſs virtue to the World ſtand fair.
O grant his mourning pitty may but come,
And ſhed one tear on poor *Semanthe*'s Tomb.

[*Exit Weeping.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

THE

The Fifth ACT.

SCENE I. *A Pallace.*

Enter King *Solus.*

King. WHat's Nature, and the Pow'r that Governs it?
Man is the Puppet of the Gods, and moves——
Backwards and forwards as they please to dance him,
Now cou'd I laugh to find my self a fool,
And yet be mad to think I can't be otherwise:
Where's all my bluft'ring Roaring Storm against
Semanthe? hush'd, and Calm'd, and all because
Her tears had Pow'r to charm me into fondness?
My great Foundation's laid in sand, one minute
Fierce as Incount'ring Lyons, and the next,
I'm tamer then the meekest Beast they Prey on.

Enter Menaphon.

Men. Good morning to the King, my Royal Master:
May health, and happiness for ever wait you;
O may you never know one hour of sorrow,
May sweet content dwell ever in your breast,
And all your days and Nights be fill'd with Joys
Equall to those the bless'd above possess.
King. I thank thee *Menaphon* for thy kind wishes,
But oh they're what I never must expect:
Alass! I am a thing the World does laugh at,
And all those Clouds, those dark and dismall Clouds,
Which bar the Sun from shining on my misery,
Will never be chased off 'till I am dead.
Men. The Gods forbid; O do not name your death,
My Loyall heart weeps tears of bloud to hear it:
Alas my Lord, I thought e're this t' have seen,
A Riotous Pleasure Rev'ling in your eyes,
To think how bravely you'd reveng'd your wrongs;
I thought t'have heard you say, come *Menaphon*,
Now thou sha't see I am a King again:
The Snake I long had foster'd in my breast,

Is Cruſh'd, th' Adulterate Queen is now no more.
King. O why my friend? why ſhou'd that fair one dye?
The Modell of the Heav'ns, the Earth, the Waters;
The Harmony and ſweet conſent of time,
Are not ſo beautifull in their Creation,
As is *Semanthe*: ſhall I throw away
A Jewell, Empires are to poor to purchaſe;
What tho' ſhe's faulty, look but on her face,
Oh there's that Expiating brightneſs there,
As Guilds o're all the Sables of her Soul,
And all her faults and ſpots are ſeen no more.
Men. Why lives ſhe ſtill then?
King. Yes my friend, ſhe does:
'Tis true I went with fix'd reſolves to kill her;
But when I came (Oh who can paint the Scene!)
I ſaw the beauteous Creature all in tears,
A winking Lamp was burning by her ſide;
Her Pallace was become a loathſome Jayl,
Nought but infectuous damps were her Companions:
I ſaw her on her knees a while unmov'd,
But Oh at laſt I cou'd no longer hold,
By a long ſiege of tears ſhe calm'd my fury,
And I had not the power to give the Blow:
O *Menaphon* the keen edg'd Sword of Juſtice,
I held advanc'd in air, but O her eyes,
There ſhot that Lightning from thoſe beauteous Heav'ns,
That th' Angry Steel was melted down before 'em.
Men. I'm glad to find ſuch mercy dwells within you,
I muſt confeſs the Chiefeſt of my wiſhes,
Is, ſhe may live, but give me leave to think,
I blot my Loyalty in wiſhing it.
For O what Floud can ever waſh away,
The ſtain that hangs upon your honour Sir?
Conſider but the talk of other Nations,
When they ſhall hear (as this can be no ſecret,)
How your own eyes beheld your Queens diſhonour,
Saw her in the Embraces of a Traytor.
And after that you could ſit tamely down,
Without a dire Revenge for the black deed,
'Twill make your little name blown round the World,
The Forregn ſhame, and your own Subjects ſcorn.

King. Oh! thou hast stung me to the very Soul,
It must, it will be so; methinks I see
How the proud haughty King of *Sicily*,
Devours the welcome news of my dishonour,
Oh she must dye, she must, by Heav'n she shall,
Nay, dye a publick Spectacle to the World,
And her vile Minion too, curs'd *Athocles*
Shall bear her company, this very day
I'll sign an order for their Execution,
And let it be your care to see it perform'd.
Men. Nay, now you bend too much the other way,
This is short warning for departing Souls,
For pities sake Sir, let 'em live till Morn.
King. 'Round me you furies that delight in mischief,
And ever keep me waking till the Cliffs,
That over-hangs my light, fall off and leave
These hollow spaces to be cramm'd with dust,
If I do either eat or drink, or sleep,
Till I have finish'd my great just revenge.
Men. Well Sir, I will no more strive to dissuade you,
But what death wou'd you have *Semanthe* die,
King. Ha! By the Gods, a Question worth disputing,
And it would puzzle an ingenious Artist
T'invent a way to kill her, for by fire
Or water 'tis impossible to do't,
Betwixt her fallhood and her flowing Lust,
She is too rank to burn, too light to drown,
Nay, shou'd I bury the incarnate Monster
Like the slain Gyants under Piles of Mountains,
Her dust like *Ætna's* flames, wou'd burst through all.
Take thy own method, let me see her dead,
I care not how.
Men. Well Sir, I'll do my best,
I must confess I wou'd not have her live,
For the respect I bear to my Royal Master,
Therefore I hope you will not change your mind,
King. O never, never shalt thou see me chang'd,
Thou'lt rouz'd a sleeping Lyon, whom no art,
Nor any thing can e're reclaim but blood.
Where was before my blinded folly driven,
Mercy, what art thou? get thee back to Heaven.
What has the race of man to do with thee?
Leave humane minds to nobler passions free.

Hence forward Death and Ruin Reign alone,
Make Hell your Vassal, and the world your Throne. [*Ex. King.*]

Manet Menaphon.

Men. 'Tis done, the fatal Train has taken fire,
I'll follow him, least he should change again,
By Heav'n I am all extasie to think
Of the long prosp'rous chain of our success.
Once by thy doom proud Queen, the very breath
That durst repeat the sound of love, was death,
But oh the pleasure of revenge to dart
Thy own Retorted threats, on thy own heart,
Yes, thou hast scorn'd me Queen, but know the wrongs
Of slighted love shall knit their Scorpion thongs,
Whilst each disdainful step thou dost retire,
Thou tread'st on Graves, and walk'st o're Piles of Fire. [*Ex. Men.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Meleander *and* Lattinius.

Mele. Why do I live with such a load of sorrow?
Oppress'd with tortures of dispairing Love;
A Sisters shame, my families dishonour,
Oh my *Lattinius*! Can this weight be borne?
I went to see the false one, and resolv'd
To have dy'd my self in her polluted Blood,
But when the Prison door *I* wou'd have enter'd,
My trembling Joynts refus'd to bear me farther;
My Ominous Nostrils gush'd forth Streams of Purple,
And to my thinking, all the Heav'ns appear'd
Like blazing Meateors hanging o're my head;
When straight a hollow voice had reach'd my ears,
Crying alloud, thy Sister's innocent;
'Twas surely more then the effects of fancy,
I left the place, and to my Chamber went,
Stretch'd on the Floor, and wash'd the Ground with tears;
My Sisters shame had left my memory,
And more distracting thoughts did enter in me;
Marcelia's scorn came fresh into my mind,
And to my wretched poor tormented Soul,
Set yawning, kneen devouring Fate before me,
In her most dreadful black, and hideous form.

Lat. I grieve to see your wond'rous discontent,
And needs must own an equal share with you,
For ev'ry sigh that comes from your sad Breast,
Whole streams of Blood flow from my tender Heart.
Mele. O my poor Boy! Why, why art thou thus kind?
Since fair *Marcelia* will not pitty me,
I wou'd have all the World abandon me.

Enter Marcelia *crosing the Stage.*

See where she comes, what means my trembling Heart?
I'll meet her, though her frowns should strike me dead.
[Mele. *kneels before* Mar. *as she's going off.*]
Oh cruel Beauty! e're you move from hence,
Hear me one word, and I shall dye in Peace,
Behold me at your Feet, behold my sorrows.
[*She offers to go.*]
O do not leave me, hear me first, O hear me;
Think of the Pangs dispairing lovers feel,
Think of the torments *I* endure for you,
That do with such indiff'rency look on me.
Mar. Alass my Lord, why should you talk to me?
To one that has already been deceiv'd,
O shall I e're believe a man again,
Since *Ithocles*, he whom *I* thought the best,
Proved false.
Mele. Then why should you still love him?
Rather revenge his falshood, pitty me,
And place your love on one that more deserves;
On him, whose heart, whose Soul is all your own,
And ne'er can be anothers.
Mar. So he swore,
And *I* fond fool believ'd it to be true,
But when he found my Heart was fixt to his,
My constant love so firm e're to be chang'd.
The Vows, the Oaths he made to Heav'n and me,
He forfeited, and gave his Soul away.
Then wou'd you have me trust a man again?
No, you bless'd powers, rather let me be plac'd
In a wild Desert 'mongst a herd of Beasts;
The Wolf, the Tygre, and the spotted Leopard,
Are less devourers then faithless Men,
You may as soon call back the Sun, stay time,

Preſcribe a Law to death, as ever find
One true of all your perjur'd Sex.
A man! The very name is monſtrous,
Nay, even the Breath that utters the vile ſound,
Flies like infection over all the Air.
Mele. Why ſhou'd you thus condemn the Sex for one?
Mar. For one! for all; Oh you are all the ſame:
All of one faithleſs lineage, form, creation,
Like twins in infidelity, each feature,
And ev'ry vein fill'd up with the ſame falſhood;
The Syrens Songs, the Crocodiles falſe tears
Are leſs deceitful then the oaths of men.
Mele. Hear me miſtaken beauty, by yon Heaven,
The words of Angels are not more ſincere,
Then what *I* ſpeak, my love as fix'd and firm
As Rocks of Adamant.
Mar. Hear me my Lord, and hear me you bleſs'd powers,
To that falſe Image of your ſelves call'd man,
To you, and all your Sex *I* bid farewel,
My fix'd reſolves ſtand a decree of Fate;
Therefore no more endeavour to diſwade me,
For when *I* do conſent to love again,
May he *I* love with loath my hate, receive me,
Eternal diſcord, raiſe her bar between us.
May *I* his love, as you do mine purſue,
And he fly me, as thus *I* fly from you. [*Ex.* Mar.]
Mele. Then farewel Life, and all my pains at once,
For by the Gods I'll not outlive thy hate,
Lattinius, if the love thou own'ſt be real,
When I am dead, do me this Courtelie,
Bear to this cruel Woman my laſt words,
And let her know, my love to her was true.
Lat. O Sir, upon my knees I do intreat you,
Yet harbour patience, who knows, ſhe may change;
'Tis certain Sir, that *Ithocles* muſt dye,
And time may turn this reſolution from her;
The *Epheſian* Matron for a while was conſtant,
And waſh'd her Husband's Grave with trueſt tears,
But at the laſt, quite tir'd with uſeleſs ſorrow,
She did receive a Lover to her Arms;
Marcelia may do this, ſhe is but a woman,
And ſubject to the frailties of her Sex.
Mele. *I* cou'd, *I* hope ſhe ever cou'd be moved

With

With endleſs patience I cou'd wait the time,
Outlive th' old *Patriarchs* age, in love, grow hoary
At her dear feet, and wear like *Ætna's* top,
My Fire, and Snow together.
Lat. Doubt not my Lord.

Enter Baſſanes.

Baſ. *I* beg you'd pardon my unwelcome news,
The Queen your Siſter Sir ——
Mele. Why, what of her.
Baſ. Muſt dye this day.
Mele. 'Tis well.
Baſ. My Lord ——
Mele. 'Tis well.
Wou'd in the Cradle ſh'ad reſign'd her breath,
What death *Baſſanes?*
Baſ. Sir behind the Pallace.
The King decrees that ſhe ſhall dye by fire,
Mele. By fire! is that her doom? Well, 'tis decreed,
Semanthe thou ſhalt ſleep, though but in aſhes,
Leave me *Baſſanes*, and *Lattinius* leave me.
Lat. Sir *I* cannot leave you. [*Ex.* Baſſ.]
Mele. What ſaiſt thou boy?
Lat. Indeed I dare not leave you.
Your Clouded brow foretells ſome ſtorm at hand,
And *I* much fear 'tis on your ſelf 'twill fall,
Your Siſters Death is ſtrongly working in you,
And makes me dread the fatal Conſequence.
Mele. Thou art miſtaken boy, my Siſters death,
I meet with all ſerenity and calmneſs;
For if ſhe's guilty, 'twould be moſt unfit,
A thing ſo Leprous, ſhou'd infect the Earth,
If innocent, thoſe Pow'rs that take her hence,
For all her wrongs, her Thorny Coronets,
Her bleeding Veins, and her more bleeding fame,
Have thoſe bright Jemms in an immortal Crown,
What vaſt reſerve of Glories to adorn her,
In the bright Realm of everlaſting day,
As more then all her Loſſes ſhall repay.
Lat. What then diſturbs you?
Mele. My diſpairing love.
Lat. It may not long be ſo.

Mele. I fear for ever.
Then why ſhould'ſt thou expect that I will live,
When by my violent Pains too ſure I find,
Slaves at an Oar have greater eaſe then I,
Hard'ned to Labours they their Pains defie,
Diſpair in Love 's the only miſery.
We with freſh Agonies our Souls torment,
View the bright Tracks where th' adored Beauty went,
And with freſh Pains our endleſs Plagues deplore,
To think our ſetting Sun will riſe no more.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE III. *A Wood.*

Enter Orgillus.

Org. Where e're I go my Conſcience ſtill perſues,
And the pale Figure of the dead *Armena*
Is ever in my view; 'twas not well done,
So ill to gratifie, the woman lov'd me,
Beſides, I only fear'd ſhe might diſcover
What I my ſelf am now inclin'd to do.
The Queen this day muſt dye a publick death,
'Tis not too late, I yet may ſave her from it.

[*Horns and Huntſmen at a diſtance.*

What noiſe is that! the ecchoing cries of Huntſmen,
Alas! the hunted Stagg himſelf, that flies
From all thoſe open Mouths of death behind him,
Is not alarm'd with my purſuing horrors;
He has but a Life, but I a Soul in danger.

Enter Menaphon *behind.*

Men. Thus far I've watch'd my Brother, whoſe ſad thoughts,
I fear, bodes Ruin to our great deſign.
I find his fooliſh Conſcience does perplex him,
And dare not truſt my Life in the weak hold
Of Conſciencious hands, although a Brothers.
He that would manage Glorious miſchief ſafe,
Shou'd guide his rouling Chariot like the Sun,
And ſingly hold the mighty Reins alone:
Into his Seat no aiding Partner call,
Leſt the miſguideing *Phaeton* hazard all.

Org.

Org. Shou'd I discover it, and save her Life,
And the King's Mercy too shou'd grant me mine,
Where then is *Menaphon?* What must he dye?
What an ungrateful wretch shou'd I be counted,
To leave my Brother tangled in the snare,
When I my self have pow'r to keep him out.
But yet the violent love that the King bears
To beautiful *Semanthe* is so great,
That shou'd I tell him all our Villany,
I might with ease make Covenants of safety,
And sign my own and pardon'd Brother's Life.

Menaphon *comes forward.*

Men. Brother, with Joy I've heard your troubled Conscience,
And am well pleas'd your thoughts keep pace with mine.
O Brother! Brother! with such dreams of horrour,
Since poor *Armena's* death, my fancy's plagu'd,
That had not your Remorse of Conscience found you,
I shou'd alone have told it to the King.
Org. How! My dear generous Brother.
Men. Yes my *Orgillus*,
An Orient Beam of Penitence dawns within me;
The Shadows of my once benighted Soul
All vanish'd, and bright day breaks forth in Glory.
Org. And is kind Heav'n this dear Conversion true?
Is my kind Brother ———
Men. Yes, see here a Proselite [*Kneels*]
To Heaven, Religion, Honor, Piety,
Semanthe, the Innocent *Semanthe*, dye;
No, I will snatch her from the yawning Precipice,
And fix her righted Fame, and rescu'd Innocence,
On that Immortal Pyramide of Glory,
That the admiring World with up lift Eyes,
And low bent Knees, shall pay their joyful tribute,
At her bless'd Restauration; with my own
Repenting Hand I'll twine, twine a rich Chaplet
Of Flowers, and Roses, and Eternal Sweets,
T' adorn her Sacred Brow.
Org. O my Just Brother,
Now thou'rt all white again, most lovely fair;
O there's that Rapture in Divine Repentance,
No wonder it unlocks the Gates of Heav'n,

When Oh, there blows a Gale, a fragrant Gale
Of Perfumes from the very Air it flies in.
That sure 'tis all a breath of Parradise:
And shall *Semanthe* live! come to my Arms,
O nearer to my Breast.

Men. Yes, to thy Heart ——— ——— [*Stabs him.*]

Org. Villain, perfidious Villain, thou hast kill'd me.
[Org. *falls.*]

Men. Yes, lie there Pitty, my great Plot was found'ring,
And I have stop'd the leak.

Org. Kis'd and Betray'd!
Embrac'd and Murther'd!

Men. Yes, Religious Fool.
Thou wert too good for Earth, and I in pitty
Have kindly giv'n thee Heav'n, so sleep Conscience;
And now, wake, wake Revenge agen.

Org. Oh, [Groans] *Horns and Huntsmen agen.*]

Men. Ha! Company; Curse on this Interruption,
No matter, I am sure I have dispatch'd him,
And his short breath's too weak to hurt me now;
But let me prudently retire unseen:
My Face has danger in't, now dear, dear Vengeance.
[*Ex. hastily drawing off* Orgillus.]

SCENE IV. *The Scene Changes.*

Enter Guards making way for the Queen.

1. *Guar.* Room there, bear back; room for the Queen.

Enter Semanthe *in white, attended with six Ladies in Mourning; Bassanes, Guards, and Attendants.*

Quee. Kind Gentlemen, there needs not this formality,
I am past all State Ceremony now,
Alas, there's no distinction in the Grave,
The proudest Sovereign Head when laid in Dust,
Sleeps on as Course a Pillow as a Pesant's.
And Oh! there opes that narrow Gate to Heav'n,
That Majesty it self must stoop as humbly
For ent'rance there, as the poor crawling Cottager:
Well Gentlemen, you come to see me die;

To

To see the scatter'd ashes of your Queen,
Blown round the spreading Globe, but oh! my friends,
Cou'd but my spotless Soul be seen as plainly,
Oh! to the utmost corners of the Earth,
The sounding Trump of my immortal innocence,
Wou'd fill Fame's swelling vollume with a story,
So full of woe, and that unequal fate,
As tender drowning eyes wou'd melt to read,
And the hard cause of poor *Semanthe* dead,
Even distant worlds, and pittying ages plead. [*Exit Omn.*

SCENE V.

The Scene drawn, discovers a great many Spikes fix'd in the Ground, and a high Battlement above it.

Enter King Menaphon, Meleander, *Guards and Attendants.*

King. Brother, I sent for you to see a justice
Done on the Monster that has wrong'd us both,
Haste *Amyclas*, and bring the viper forth. [*Ex. Amyclas.*]

Re-enter Amyclas *with* Ithocles, *chain'd in's Shirt and Drawers, a night Gown over 'em, Guarded.*

Itho. My death you have decreed, and Heaven permitted,
But know mistaken King, I wear a Soul
So free from that black charge for which I dye,
That at my Launch into Eternity,
I shall soare lighter then a mounting Angel,
And smile above, when thou false *Menaphon*
Sha't grin below; and though *I* leave the world
In poor deluded eyes, and Popular breath,
A Cank'red bloated thing, the hour will come,
When Fame's Recanting Trump shall sound my innocence.
Murder may hush, and guiltless blood may slumber,
But oh they never sleep, the hour will come,
When the story of my Fate, and the dark Leagues,
And black Caballs against *Semanthe's* Honour,
And both our lives shall be all, all disclosed,
Whilst our amazing murther turns, a spectre
Shall fright you with the form.
King. I'll hear no more.

I came not here to have my Royal justice
Arraign'd, but executed, guilt so harden'd,
As durst offend like thee, can never want
A forehead too, as hard'ned to deny it.
Take him away, by Heav'n my feeble rage [*Ex. Guards with* Meda.
Is plumed with Down, and falls like feather'd snow, *the Scene shuts.*]
But rowze my Bolts of Fate, and murder'd Love,
Thy sleeping furies wake —— but oh *Semanthe*,
Though this avenging Sword my honour draws,
Proud of the Justice, yet I mourn the cause,
And oh! though pleas'd I send thee to the Grave,
I live to kill, what I wou'd dye to save.

Enter Lattinius *hastily, and kneels to the King.*

Lat. Oh Sir!
As you'd secure your everlasting peace,
And dearer Soul, and guard a groaning Kingdom
From the impending plagues of guiltless blood,
Save, save *Semanthe*'s Life.
King. What means the Boy?
Lat. By the bright Guardians of the Throne she's innocent;
Oh injur'd Sir! that shame of the Creation, [*Pointing to* Meda.]
Th' incarnate Devil *Menaphon* in a Wood,
Has babourously butcher'd his own Brother,
Who found by Huntsmen in his gasping Pangs,
Had just Remains of Life, enough to open
That most infernal Mass of Forgery;
Against the vertuous Queen's immaculate Honour,
Men. Sure the youth raves.
Lat. By Heav'n my Lord, 'tis true,
But fly, and save her life e're 'tis too late,
Then lend your Leizure to the hideous story,
Prepare your eares to ake, and Soul to tremble.
King. Haste *Amyclas*, and stop the Execution.
Lat. Oh fly Sir, with a posting Angels speed,
An Angel to redeem. [*To* Amyclas *as he's going off.*]
[*Ex* Amy. *running.*]

Orgillus *wounded, brought in by Huntsmen,* Menaphon *starts.*

Men. Ha! my Brother,
Vengeance and Hell, my Plots are all unravell'd,
Curse on my erring hand. [*Aside.*]

Orgillus

Org. Save, ſave the Queen.
Oh Sir ſhe's innocent, her ſpotleſs truth,
White as our Souls are black, my Trayt'rous Brother,
And wicked ſelf by falſe *Armena*'s help,
Mixt a Lethargick potion for the Queen,
And *Ithocles*; and in the operation
Of the curſt ſleeping Drugg, we lay'd 'em ſenceleſs,
Claſp'd Arm in Arm, all Artifice and deluſion,
To rob you of your peace, and her her life.
Men. Thou cack'ling, craven ſlave. [*Draws and runs at him, is ſeiz'd*
King. Diſarm the Traytor, *by the Guards*]
Go on my dying Penitent.
Org. Alaſs!
I cannot more, *Armena*'s murder'd Ghoſt
Raiſes a ſullen fame from nights dark coaſt, [*Diet.*]
My ſence grows dim, and in a miſt I'm loſt.
King. Hah! dead!
Is the ſtupendious tale of horrour done?
And doſt thou Monſter live to hear it?
Men. Yes,
And doubly damn'd *I* did not live to act it.
King. Thou art a Traytor of ſo black a die——
But haſte, unbind the Guiltleſs *Ithocles*,
Bid him come down to meet a Flood of Honour;
The Acclamations of an Ecchoing Kingdom,
And the Rewards of a repenting King. [*Ex. an Attendant.*]
But for thee Monſter. [*To* Menaphon.]
Men. Call your ſelf that Monſter,
For ſuch I'd made you, had my Plot ſucceeded;
But ſince the proud *Semanthe*'s ſcorn has given me
That ſtroke of Fate, that all her bolts beyond it,
Will prove but edgleſs Plagues, I dare thy worſt;
Know *I* defie at once both Hell and thee.
King. Damnation, was there ever Dungeon, Jayle
Or Gibbet that cou'd match this hardn'd Infidel,
But do *I* talk and let the Villain live,
Away with him,
And his own ſnare, be his own fate, the doom
Of *Ithocles* ſee executed inſtantly
On that Infernal ſlave, but yet thou devil
So Grand, thou'rt fitter to be *Lucifer's*
Tormenter then he thine, repent and ſave,
If poſſible, thy bloated Soul;

Men. Repent! a Scull which has for Ages lain i' th' Earth,
Shall ſooner Pray then I. I do Repent
I've miſt my ends; for had that piece of Pride,
Ended her hated Life, in ſcorching flames
I wou'd have borne the hotteſt plagues of Hell,
Rattled the Chains of my Infernal Goal,
As Peals of Joy that I had left thee here,
With greater torments than I felt below.
Have ſmil'd to think on thy diſtracted Soul,
And laught when all the damn'd beſides did howl.
[*Exit* Men. *Guarded.*

King. Moſt hiddeous Villain,
Was ſlighted Luſt then
The lighting Fire-brand to this Helliſh Train. [*Enter Queen attended*
Ha! by my wrongs that Injur'd Beauty lives!
My Joys like ruſtling Winds lockt up in Caves,
Do buſtle for a Vent. Oh! to my breaſt,
Yet Cloſer, Cloſer thou dear baniſht Peace,
Torrents of Extaſies, tranſporting Joyes.
But oh! Divineſt Innocence, is there
That Beam of mercy in th' Immortal Treaſury,
As can forgive my faults?
Queen. Name 'em no more;
My Joy, to find you know my Innocence,
Makes me forget that I was ever wrong'd;
Nay, had I dy'd 't had pleaſed my murder'd Ghoſt,
To ſee my vertue to the World Proclaimed.
[*Enter* Marcelia.

King. But ſee, *Marcelia*! Oh what Recompence
Is there in Nature for the wrongs I've done thee?
Mar. Moſt Royal Sir, there is a Recompence,
Wou'd Cancel all the Injuries was done
To me, and to th' unhappy *Ithocles.*
Queen. I know thy meaning, and I hope *Marcelia,*
The King will not deny his free Conſent.
[*Enter* Ithocles *Attended.*

Mel. [*Aſide.*] I fear her meaning tends to my deſtruction.
King. Oh thou bright worthy!
Come to my Arms; my Arms; Oh no, that Circle
Is too Unhallow'd to Infold ſuch Goodneſs.
No let me firſt deſerve t' embrace thee, take
This fair Attonement for the wrongs I've done thee.
Itho. Oh my Exalted bliſs! [*Gives him* Marcelia.

Mel

Mel. And my Confusion. [*aside.*]
Remember Sir the Promise of a King,
It was to me you gave *Marcelia.*
King. Ah!
Take heed bold man, croak that loath'd sound no more.
I have rewarded Virtue, and crown'd Love;
And if before, to my unprincely shame,
I promised ought to wrong this faithful Pair,
Perhaps that guilty Promise drew down Heav'n against me;
And 'tis just I have appeas'd
The wrath of that black Sin.
Mar. No, *Meleander.*
Persue not hopeless Love, nor tempt the frown
Of Heaven by cherishing a lawless Fire;
No, take this worthier and kinder Beauty, [*gives him* Statilia.]
No more *Lattinius*, but the fair *Statilia.*
Omn. Statilia!
Itho. Ha! my Sister.
Stat. Yes my Brother.
The same unhappy Maid ——
Mar. Transform'd by Love;
But take her to your Arms and hide her Blushes,
She's Love that can deserve you, though I want it.
King. Brother and Friend, [for he that weds our Favour
In fair *Statilia*, I must call him both]
Accept this Present from my hand, [*giving* Stat.
Queen. And mine,
To bind the Royal Seal.
Mel. My Heart heaves up, and struggles in my Breast,
When I but look on fair *Marcelias* Face,
But she is lost to me, for ever lost;
And one more kind there is that seeks my Love,
I will no more persue a hopeless Game,
But fix my Heart on her that has deserv'd it. [*aside.*
Oh! on my knees *Statilia* let me beg [*to her.*
A Pardon for the Injuries I've done thee;
Accept a Heart that now is all thy own. [*Enter Mr.* Harris.]

The Scene drawn discovers Men. *Executed, being flung from a* Battlement *upon Spikes.*

Bass. According to your Majesties Command,
The Traitor *Menaphon* received his doom.

King.

King. Behold *Semanthe*, the curst Instrument
Of all our Woes.
Queen. Remove the dismal sight — [*the Scene shuts.*
He was a Villain, and a cruel one
Yet I cou'd freely have forgiven him.
King. Thou beauteous Miracle of woman kind,
Let all the Kingdom share my mighty Joy!
Brother, *Marcelia*, *Ithocles*, *Statilia*,
Was ever man redeem'd like me from ruin,
O what a Precipice have we escap'd!
How near we all were to the Gulph of Ruin,
Till thou, blest Soul, brought us this *Halcyon* Gale.
Lat. The great Reward does far exceed my hopes. [*Aside.*
King. Oh! give me leave,
As one, that wearied with the Toil at Sea,
And now on wisht for Shore has fixt his feet,
He looks about, and glad's his Thoughts and Eyes
With sight o' th' green cloath'd ground and leafy Trees:
So let me gaze agen on those dear Eyes,
Nothing but kisses to thy Lips discourse.
Oh! My *Semanthe*, to my Arms return,
Where loves rekindling Fire shall brighter burn,
Whilst all the wrongs to Beauty so Divine,
Shall be but foils to make the Diamond shine.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Writ by Mr. *Mountfort*, Spoken by Mrs. *Butler* in Mans Apparel.

OUR Scribler could not find a better way,
Then singling me a Champion for his Play,
My Manhood and his Wit are much at one,
The want of both in us are too well known;
Excuse him, 'tis his Tryal, just such another,
As some poor under-witted elder Brother,
Whose hasty Father did young Bride Beleaguer,
And got the Honey-moon weak Brat too eager,
Faith Gentlemen be kind to his first born,
I may perhaps do you as good a turn;
Be not too harsh you Critticks of the Pit,
To damn his Play wou'd look like spite, not wit,
'See't but three days, and fill the House the last,
'He shall not trouble you again in haste;
'Besides, each Creditor he has is here,
'And if your Actions seem to him severe,
'They'll bring all theirs against him, that they swear;
'Ladies, on you his chiefest hopes rely,
'Your Goodness may command their Courtesie,
'None dare oppose whatever you esteem,
'If then they're cruel, may you prove so to them,
'Tis Charity, when begg'd to give relief,
'If not, we must put on with Irish *Brief,*
'And as at Church, the Gatherers stand at Door,
'So ours with Plates shall Cry,
Pray Remember the Poor.

These Lines were spoken the third day, in the Room of the last thirteen Lines.

He thanks the goodness of his this days Friends,
You've fill'd the House, and he has gain'd his ends.

FINIS.